

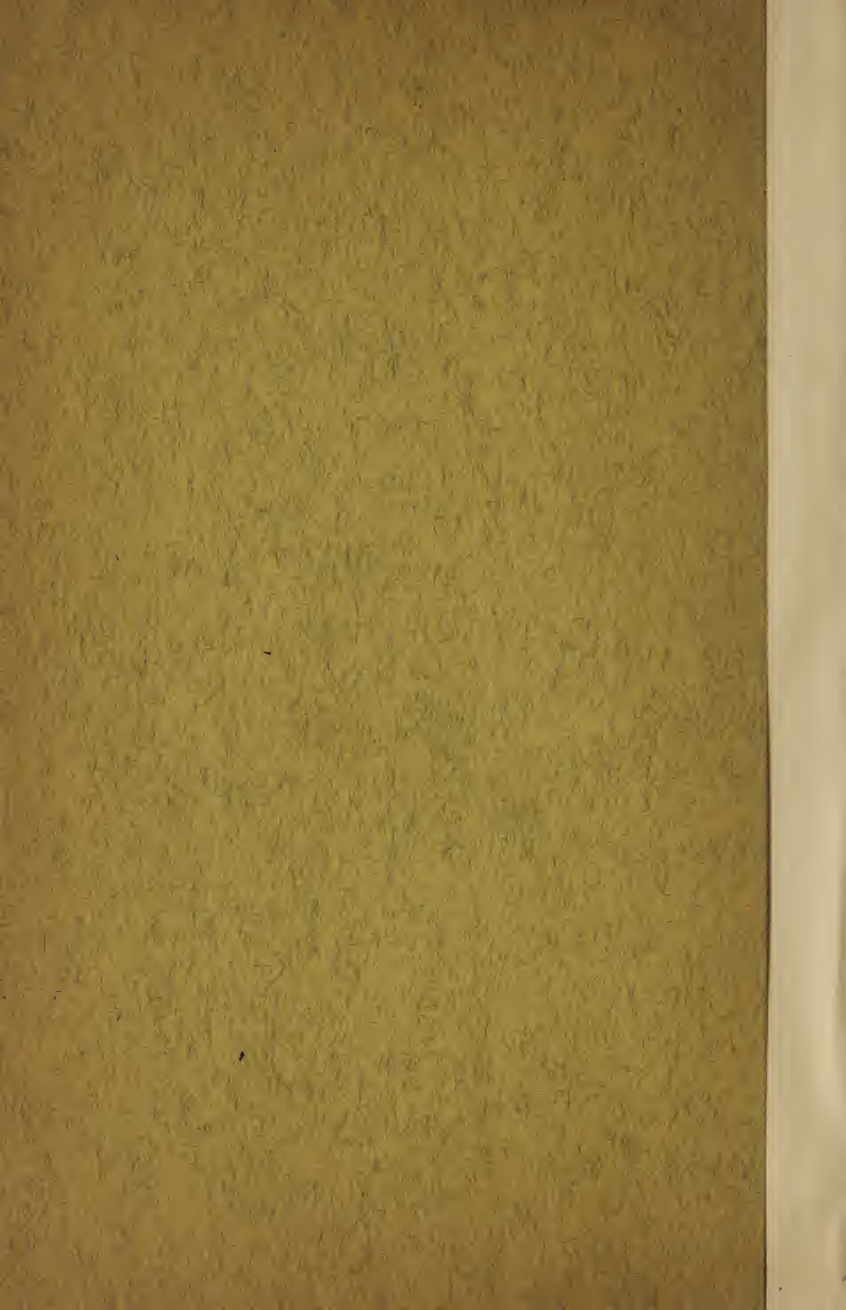
THE LIFE OF WOLFE TONE



WRITTEN BY HIMSELF
AND COMPLETED BY
HIS SON
TOGETHER WITH
EXTRACTS FROM HIS
POLITICAL WRITINGS.

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OF WOLFE TONE

(Edited by Bulmer Hobson)

Most of the letters have never hitherto been published and are of the greatest interest and importance. They form an invaluable companion volume to the Life of one of the greatest of Irishmen.

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PRINTED BY THE ATHLONE PRINTING WORKS
COMPANY, LIMITED, - - - - - ATHLONE.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the men who have worked and suffered to establish an independent Irish nation, Theobald Wolfe Tone stands foremost. To a people hopelessly divided he brought national union; for an oppressed and plundered country he sought and obtained foreign aid, and, at the end, the work of his life was spoiled by one of those strange chances upon which the destinies of peoples sometimes depend. How near he was to success has rarely been recognised.

The fragments of autobiography condensed in this book deal largely with his work for the creation of a union among Irishmen, the foundation upon which he hoped to build the free Ireland of his dreams. To this task he brought talents of a high order. He was shrewd, capable, and far-seeing. He was no visionary, but a man who dealt with realities.

Statesmen are rare in every country, and Ireland is no exception. Among the few that she has produced, Wolfe Tone stands in the front rank. Where

the patriot orators of the Irish Parliament were blind, he saw clearly ; when the French Directory sought to make France the dominant power in Europe, he showed them the vulnerable spot in the armour of their great antagonist ; when Napoleon set out for Egypt, he begged him to come to Ireland. Had Napoleon listened to Tone, the fate of France, as well as that of Ireland, would have been different.

Tone knew that England's maritime strength was built upon her possession of Ireland : he sought to convince the French of this : he succeeded with Carnot and Hoche—he failed with Napoleon. That he was right and Napoleon wrong subsequent events have amply proved.

He did not seek for a moment to allow France to dominate Ireland, but he saw clearly that the interests of France coincided with those of Ireland, and that the English power was the prime enemy of both. He saw, too, what the greatest of Frenchmen could not see : that English sea-power was based upon Ireland, and that the road to victory for France lay, not on the Continent, nor in the East, but in Ireland.

Apart, however, from the failure of his plan to assert the Independence of his country with the help of

a French army, Tone's work in Ireland from 1791 to 1795 has no mean place in our national history. The union which he saw to be necessary, and which he, more than any other man, created and fostered, brought a new spirit into our political life, the effects of which will be as enduring as the nation itself. When Ireland ultimately stands independent and united, she will stand upon the firm foundations which Wolfe Tone laid in those momentous and fruitful years.

B. H.

THE LIFE OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

I WAS born in the City of Dublin on the 20th June, 1763. My grandfather was a respectable farmer near Naas, in the County of Kildare. Being killed by a fall in 1766, his property descended to my father, his eldest son, who was at that time in successful business as a coachmaker. My mother, whose name was Lamport, was the daughter of the captain of a vessel in the West India trade. I was their eldest son. I was sent at the age of eight or nine to an excellent English school, kept by Sisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame that could induce me to exertion. Having continued with Mr. Darling for about three years, he recommended strongly to my father to put me to a Latin school and to prepare me for the University, assuring him that there was a moral certainty I should become a Fellow of Trinity College, which was a noble independence, besides the glory of the situation. My father, who, to do him justice, loved me passionately

and spared no expense on me that his circumstances would afford, was easily persuaded. It was determined that I should be a Fellow of Trinity College. I was taken from Mr. Darling and placed, at the age of twelve, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Craig. As the school was in the same street (Stafford Street) where we lived, and I was under my father's eye, I began Latin with ardour, and continued for a year or two with great diligence, when I began Greek, which I found still more to my taste ; but about this time my father, meeting with an accident, on his recovery, determined on quitting business, and retired to the country, placing me with a friend near the school. In this manner I became, I may say, my own master before I was sixteen. The superintendence of my father being removed, I resolved to appropriate three days of the week to my amusements, and the others to school, by which arrangement I kept my rank with the other boys of my class. I found no difficulty in convincing half-a-dozen of my school-fellows of the justice of this distribution of our time, and by this means we established a regular system of what is called *mitching*. I must do myself and my school-fellows the justice to say that though we were abominably idle we were not vicious ; our amusements consisted of walking to the country, in swimming parties in the sea, and particularly in attending all

parades, field-days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin in the Phoenix Park.

Being at this time approaching to seventeen years of age, it will not appear incredible that *woman* began to appear lovely in my eyes, and I very wisely thought that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulets, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense—on a Fellowship in Dublin College as a pitiful establishment—and thought an ensign in a marching regiment was the happiest creature living. I absented myself more and more from school, so that at length my schoolmaster wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute between us. In consequence, I sat down with a very bad grace to pull up my lost time, and at length I entered as a pensioner of Trinity College in February, 1781, being then not quite eighteen years of age. I continued my studies at College as I had done at school, that is, I idled until the last moment of delay. I then laboured hard for about a fortnight before the public examinations, and I always secured good judgments, besides obtaining three premiums in the three last years of my course.

At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the

daughter of William Witherington, and lived at that time in Grafton Street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the House of the University, and every day after commons, I used to walk under her window with one or other of my fellow-students. I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she also was struck with me ; so it was that before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was at this time not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. In a short time I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it ; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning in the month of July we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first *éclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather. The scheme of a Fellowship, which I never relished, was now abandoned, and it was determined that when I had taken my degree of Bachelor of Arts I should go to the Temple, study the law and be called to the Bar. In February, 1786, I commenced Bachelor of Arts and quit the University. I commenced Bachelor of Laws in February, 1789, and was called to the Bar in due form in Trinity

term following ; shortly after which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit. I soon got sick and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form's sake, to go to the courts and wear a foolish wig and gown for a considerable time, but as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and as I took little or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike for the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat messieurs, the attorneys, and to make them drink, I made, as may well be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish Bar.

As the law grew every day more and more disgustful, I turned my attention to politics, and as one or two of my friends had written pamphlets with some success, I determined to try my hand on a pamphlet. Just at this period the *Whig Club* was instituted in Ireland, and the Press groaned with publications against them on the part of the Government. Under these circumstances, though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the *Whig Club*, and much less their principles and motives, yet seeing them at the time the best constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions—though my own private opinions went infinitely farther—I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my own consistency. I therefore sat down,

and, in a few days, finished my first pamphlet which I entitled "A Review of the Last Session of Parliament."

The leaders of the *Whig Club*, conceiving my talents, such as they were, might be of service to their cause, and not expecting much intractability from a young lawyer who had his fortune to make, sent a brother barrister to compliment me on my performance. He told me that they were much pleased with my exertion and wished, in consequence, to attach me to them.

I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons and not the Bar was to be the scene of my future exertions ; but in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man. Month after month elapsed without any communication on the part of George Ponsonby.* I therefore at last concluded that he had changed his mind ; in short, I gave up all thoughts of the connection and determined to trouble myself no more about Ponsonby or the Whigs. But my mind had now got a turn for politics.

A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views, and as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had

* George Ponsonby, 1755-1817. Leader of the Whigs ; was associated with Grattan in the Irish Parliament and opposed the Union.

not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation.

I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux : that the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government, and, consequently, that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous or happy until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed. I now began to look on the little politics of the *Whig Club* with great contempt, their peddling about petty grievances instead of going to the root of the evil, and I rejoiced that, if I was poor, as I actually was, I had preserved my independence.

On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but might, and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question I advanced the question of separation with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise, but the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared as I stood *perdu* in the bookseller's shop listening after my own reputation, Sir Henry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed, "*Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is*

serious, he ought to be hanged!" Sir Henry was succeeded by a bishop, an *English* Doctor of Divinity, with five or six thousand a year, *laboriously* earned in the Church. His lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. "Sir," said he, "*if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds a ton?*"

About this time it was that I formed an acquaintance with my invaluable friend, Russell,* a circumstance which I look upon as one of the most fortunate of my life. I think the better of myself for being the object of the esteem of such a man as Russell.

My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the Gallery of the House of Commons. He was at that time enamoured of the Whigs, but I knew these gentlemen a little better than he, and indeed he did not long remain under the delusion.

My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by the physician to bathe in the salt water. I hired, in consequence, a little box of a house on the seaside at *Irishtown*, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views and fortified

* Thomas Russell, 1767-1803. One of the founders of the Society of United Irishmen. Arrested 1796. Released 1802. Joined Emmet and attempted to raise an insurrection in Antrim and Down. Hanged at Downpatrick.

each other in the opinions to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted.

Shortly after this, Russell, who had for two or three years revelled in the ease and dignity of an Ensign's half-pay, amounting to £28 sterling a year which he had earned before he was twenty-one by broiling in the East Indies for five years, was unexpectedly promoted by favour of the commander-in-chief to an Ensigncy on full pay in the 64th Regiment of Foot, then quartered in the town of Belfast. I remember the last day he dined with us in Irishtown, where he came, to use his own quotation, "*all clinquant, all in gold.*" We set him to cook part of the dinner in a very fine suit of laced regimentals. I love to recall those scenes. We parted with the sincerest regret on both sides; he set off for Belfast and shortly after we returned to town for the winter, my wife's health being perfectly re-established.

This winter I endeavoured to institute a kind of political club from which I expected great things. It consisted of seven or eight members, eminent for their talents and patriotism, and who had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions. They were John Stack, Fellow of Trinity College; Dr. William Drennan, author of the celebrated letters signed "Orellana"; Joseph Pollock

author of the still more justly celebrated letters of Owen Roe O'Neill; Peter Burrowes, a barrister, a man of a most powerful and comprehensive mind; William Johnson, a lawyer, also of respectable talents; Whitley Stokes, a Fellow of Trinity College, a man the extent and variety of whose knowledge is only to be exceeded by the number and intensity of his virtues; Russell, a corresponding member, and myself. As our political opinions, at that time, agreed in most essential points, however they may have since differed, and as this little club most certainly comprised a great proportion of information, talents and integrity, it might naturally be expected that some distinguished publications should be the result; yet I know not how it was; we did not draw well together; our meetings degenerated into downright ordinary suppers; we became a mere oyster club, and at length a misunderstanding, or rather a rooted dislike to each other, which manifested itself between Pollock and Drennan (who were completely Cæsar and Pompey with regard to literary empire), and the little good we saw resulting from our association induced us to drop off one by one, and thus, after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life. This experiment satisfied me that men of genius, to be of use, must not be collected in numbers. They do not work well in the aggregate, and indeed even in ordinary conversations

I have observed that too many wits spoil the discourse.

In recording the names of the members of the club, I find I have strangely omitted the name of a man whom, as well for his talents as his principles, I esteem as much as any, and far more than most of them: I mean Thomas Addis Emmet, a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart.

The French Revolution had now been above a twelve-month in its progress; at its commencement, as the first emotions are generally honest, everyone was in its favour, but after some time the probable consequences to monarchy and aristocracy began to be foreseen, and the partizans of both to retrench considerably in their admiration; at length, Mr. Burke's famous invective appeared, and this, in due season, produced Paine's reply, which he called "The Rights of Man." This controversy and the gigantic event which gave rise to it, changed in an instant the politics of Ireland. Two years before, the nation was in lethargy. The puny efforts of the *Whig Club*, miserable and defective as their system was, were the only appearance of anything like exertion, and he was looked upon as extravagant who thought of a Parliamentary reform. But the rapid succession of events, and, above all, the explosion which had taken place in France and blown into the elements a despotism rooted for fourteen centuries, had thoroughly aroused all Europe.

In England Burke had the triumph completely to decide the public; fascinated by an eloquent publication which flattered so many of their prejudices, the whole English nation, it may be said, retracted from their first decision; they sickened at the prospect of the approaching liberty and happiness of that mighty nation; they calculated as merchants the probable effects which the energy of regenerated France might have on their commerce, and they waited with impatience for an occasion when they might with some appearance of decency engage in person in the infamous contest.

But matters were very different in Ireland—an oppressed, insulted, and plundered nation. As we well knew, experimentally, what it was to be enslaved, we sympathised most sincerely with the French people. As the Revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. In a little time the French Revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats (epithets borrowed from France) who have ever since been measuring each other's strength and carrying on a kind of smothered war which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action.

As I came about this period rather more forward than I had hitherto done, it is necessary for understanding my history to take a rapid survey of the state of parties in Ireland, that is to say of the members of the established religion, the Dissenters and the Catholics. The first party, whom for distinction's sake, I call the Protestants, though not above the tenth of the population, were in possession of the whole of the Government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation; they were and had been for above a century in the quiet enjoyment of the Church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations—in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded in massacre and plunder, and being, as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connection with England, who profited of their fears, and as the price of her protection exacted the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland.

The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin, but, being mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, with few overgrown landed proprietors among them, they did not, like them, feel that a slavish dependence

on England was essential to their very existence. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous Volunteer army of 1782, which extorted from the English minister what is affected to be called the Constitution of Ireland.

The Catholics, who composed the third party, were above two-thirds of the nation, and formed, perhaps, a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces, they constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest, but from the tyranny of the penal laws enacted at different periods against them, they possessed but a very small proportion of the landed property, not a fiftieth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and the malice of demons, to plunder, degrade and brutalise the Catholics. Suffice it to say there was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political, religious, civil, or military that was not heaped upon them.

The dominion of England in Ireland has been begun and continued in the disunion of the great sects which divided the latter country.

Russell had on his arrival to join his regiment at Belfast found the people so much to his taste, and, in return, had rendered himself so agreeable to them, that he was speedily admitted into their confidence,

and became a member of several of their clubs. The Catholic question was at this period beginning to attract the public notice, and the Belfast Volunteers, on some public occasion, wished to come forward with a declaration in its favour. For this purpose, Russell, who by this time was entirely in their confidence, wrote to me to draw up and transmit to him such a declaration, which I accordingly did. A meeting of the corps was held in consequence, but an opposition unexpectedly arising to that part of the declaration which alluded directly to the Catholic claims, that passage was, for the sake of unanimity, withdrawn for the present, and the declaration then passed unanimously. Russell wrote me an account of all this, and it immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done upon the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have unvaryingly acted ever since.

To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the Denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means. To effectuate

these great objects I reviewed the three great sects. The Protestants I despaired of, from the outset, for obvious reasons. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned on their support to a certainty, and I well knew that however it might be disguised or suppressed, there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters whom I knew to be patriotic and enlightened; however, the recent events at Belfast had showed me that all prejudice was not entirely removed from their minds. I sat down, accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled, "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest, and one common enemy, that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing among them. This pamphlet, which appeared in September, 1791, had a considerable degree of success. The Catholics were pleased with the efforts of a Volunteer in their cause, and distributed it in all quarters. The people of Belfast printed a very large edition, which they dispersed through the whole North of Ireland, and I have the great satisfaction to believe that many

of the Dissenters were converted by my arguments. As my pamphlet spread more and more, my acquaintance amongst the Catholics extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh,* and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders, such as Richard McCormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, Thomas Braughall—in short, the whole sub-committee and most of the members of the General Committee. The Volunteers of Belfast of the first, or Green Company, were pleased in consequence of my pamphlet to elect me an honorary member of their corps—a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing, as I believe I was the only person except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured with that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days in Belfast in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with those men, whom, though I highly esteemed, I knew as yet but by reputation.

In consequence, about the beginning of October I went down with my friend Russell, who had by this time, quit the army, and was in Dublin on his private affairs. It is sufficient here to say that my reception was of a most flattering kind. It is a kind of injustice to name individuals, but I cannot refuse myself the

* John Keogh, 1740-1817, leader of the Catholics.

pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate I esteem myself in having formed connections with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, William Sinclair, Thomas Macabe. I may as well stop here, for in enumerating my most particular friends, I find I am in fact making out a list of the men of Belfast most distinguished for their virtue, talent and patriotism. To proceed: We formed our Club, of which I wrote the declaration, and certainly the formation of that Club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. At length, after a stay of about three weeks, which I look back upon as perhaps the pleasantest in my life, Russell and I returned to Dublin with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, being Protestants, and, if possible, to form in the capital a Club of United Irishmen.

Neither Russell nor myself were known to one of those leaders; however, we contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, and, through him, with several others, so that in a little time we succeeded, and a Club was accordingly formed, of which the Honourable Simon Butler was the first chairman, and Tandy the first secretary. The club adopted the declaration of their brethren in Belfast, with whom they immediately opened a correspondence. For my own part, I think it right to mention that at this time the establishment

of a Republic was not the immediate object of my speculations. My object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred of England, so deeply rooted in my nature that it was rather an instinct than a principle. But to return: The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to anything like influence in their measures, a circumstance which at first mortified me not a little, and perhaps had I retained more weight in their councils, I might have prevented, as on some occasions I laboured unsuccessfully to prevent their running into indiscretions which gave their enemies but too great advantages over them. It is easy to be wise after the event. So it was, however, that I soon sunk into obscurity in the club which, however, I had the satisfaction to see daily increasing in numbers and consequence. Their publications, mostly written by Dr. Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, not sparing those who called themselves patriots more than those who were the habitual slaves of the Government.

There seems from this time out a special providence to have watched over the affairs of Ireland, and to have turned to her profit and advantage the deepest

laid and most artful schemes of her enemies. Every measure adopted, and skilfully adopted, to thwart the expectations of the Catholics, and to crush the rising spirit of union between them and the Dissenters has, without exception, only tended to confirm and fortify both. The principal charge in the general outcry raised in the House of Commons against the General Committee was that they were a self-appointed body. The Catholics throughout Ireland who had hitherto been indolent spectators of the business, seeing the General Committee insulted and abused for their exertions, came forward as one man from every quarter of the nation, adopting the measures of the General Committee as their own.

About this time it was that the leaders of the Committee cast their eyes upon me to fill the position left vacant by Richard Burke. It was accordingly proposed by my friend, John Keogh, to appoint me their agent with the title of Assistant Secretary, and a salary of £200 sterling a year. This proposal was adopted unanimously, to which I acceded immediately, and I was that very day introduced in form to the Sub-Committee, and entered upon the functions of my new office.

This (1792) was a memorable year in Ireland. The publication of the plan for the new organising of the General Committee gave an instant alarm to all the

supporters of the British Government and every effort was made to prevent the election of the country members ; for it was sufficiently evident that if the representatives of three millions of oppressed people were once suffered to meet, it would not afterwards be safe, or, indeed, possible, to refuse their just demands.

The Government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us of manifestoes and resolutions. At first we were like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise ; but, after a few rounds, we began to look about us, and, seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage, and determined to return the fire.

The people of Belfast were not idle on their part, they spared neither pains nor expense to propagate the new doctrine of the Union of Irishmen through the whole North of Ireland. In order more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed £250 each in order to set on foot a paper whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither everyone turned their eyes, to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions to support the emancipation of the Catholics ; and finally, as the necessary, though not avowed consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a Republic, independent of England. This paper,

which they called "The Northern Star," was conducted by my friend, Samuel Neilson. It is in truth a most incomparable paper, and "The Northern Star" was one great means of effectually accomplishing the union of the two great sects by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other.

It was determined by the people of Belfast to commemorate this year the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille with great ceremony. For this purpose they planned a review of the Volunteers of the town and neighbourhood. They also determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to bring forward the Catholic question in force, and in consequence they resolved to publish two addresses, one to the people of France, and one to the people of Ireland. They gave instructions to Dr. Drennan to prepare the former, and the latter fell to my lot. Drennan executed his task admirably, and I made my address as good as I knew how. We were invited to assist at the ceremony, and a great number of the leading members of the Catholic Committee determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to show their respect and gratitude to their friends in Belfast. In consequence, a grand assembly took place on the 14th July. After the review, the Volunteers and inhabitants, to the number of about 6,000 assembled

in the Linen Hall and voted the address to, the French people unanimously. The address to the people of Ireland followed, and as it was directly and unequivocally in favour of the Catholic claims, we expected some opposition, but we were relieved from our anxiety, for the address passed, I may say, unanimously. It is the less necessary for me to detail what passed at this period, as every material is recorded in my diary. Suffice it to say that the hospitality shown by the people of Belfast to the Catholics on this occasion, and the personal acquaintances which the parties formed rivetted the bonds of their recent union and produced in the sequel the most beneficial and powerful effects.

The opening of the session of 1793 was, perhaps, as critical a period as had occurred for a century in Ireland. Administration was in a state of deplorable depression and dismay. The minister, at the opening of the session, was a perfect model of conciliatory concession. To the astonishment of the nation, the principle of Parliamentary reform was asserted unanimously by the House of Commons, and admitted without a struggle by administration. The people seemed to have but to demand and to obtain their long-withheld rights. But this vision, so bright in the perspective, was soon dispelled, and the nation in the course of a few short weeks awakened from its fancied triumph over inveterate corruption,

to a very solid and substantial system of coercion.

The solid strength of the people was their union. In December the Catholics had thundered out their demands, the imperious, because unanimous, requisition of 3,000,000 of men ; they were supported by all the spirit and intelligence of the Dissenters. Dumourier was in Brabant, Holland was prostrate before him ; even London, to the impetuous ardour of the French, did not appear an immeasurable distance ; the stocks were trembling ; war seemed inevitable ; the Minister was embarrassed, and it was idle to think that he would risk the domestic peace of Ireland to maintain a system of monopoly utterly useless to his views. The Catholics well knew their own strength, and the weakness of their enemies ; and therefore it was that the sub-committee derided the empty bluster of the Grand Juries, and did not fear in the moment that they stigmatised the administration to demand unlimited emancipation. Happy had the same decided spirit continued to actuate their councils. But it would be fruitless to deny what it is impossible to conceal. From whatever cause, the system was changed, the simple universality of demand was subjected to discussion, and from the moment of the first interview with the Minister, the popular mind became retrograde ; the confidence of administration and their strength returned, and the

same session which afforded a mutilated, though important relief to the Catholics, carried on its records : a Militia Bill, a Gunpowder Act, and an Act for the Suppression of Tumultuous Assemblies. These Bills are now the law of the land.

While the Catholic Bill was in progress through the House of Commons, a committee of secrecy was appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into the causes of the disorders and disturbances which prevailed in several parts of the kingdom. In due time this committee published a report, whose object was twofold : to attach a suspicion on the most active members of the sub-committee of having fomented those disturbances, and to convey a charge little short of high treason on certain Corps of Volunteers, particularly in Belfast, preparatory to disarming or suppressing that formidable body. In the first of these schemes the authors failed; in the last they were but too successful.

(Tone was much dissatisfied with the Catholics in not pressing forward their demands for complete emancipation in 1793. He believed they could have obtained it then. After their partial success the Catholics for a time rested, and were thankful. The Dissenters were also very dissatisfied, and their weakness seriously jeopardised the union that Tone was working to bring about. But Tone did not cease his

active work to effect a Union of Irishmen, and a separation of Ireland from Great Britain. In 1794 an incident occurred which brought him into conflict with the Government. The Rev. William Jackson came to Ireland as an agent of the French Committee of Public Safety to communicate with the United Irish leaders, and to report on the state of the country. He was accompanied by a man named Cockayne, who was in the service of the English Minister, and whose object was to report every detail of Jackson's mission to Pitt.

Tone was introduced to Jackson by Leonard McNally, the barrister who turned informer, and was so indiscreet as to enter into confidential communications with him relative to French assistance for an Irish insurrection. Jackson was arrested in April. On his arrest, Hamilton Rowan, who had also been in communication with him, fled to France, but Tone determined to await the development of events. After twelve months' imprisonment, Jackson was tried and found guilty of high treason. He committed suicide and died in the dock. Cockayne was the witness against him. The Government did not prosecute Tone on the understanding that he would go to America.)

I hasten to the period when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason, I was

obliged to quit my country and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend, Russell and I walked out to Rathfarnham to see Emmet (Thomas Addis) who has a charming villa there. As we walked together into town I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed I was free to follow any plan for the emancipation of my country. I then proceeded to tell them that my intention was immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French Minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris and apply in the name of my country for the assistance of France to enable us to assert our independence. This plan met with the warmest approbation from both Russell and Emmet.

My friends, McCormick and Keogh, who had both interested themselves extremely all along on my behalf, and had been principally instrumental in passing the vote for granting me the sum of £300 in addition to the arrears due me by the Catholics, expressed their most cordial approbation, and they both laid the most positive injunctions upon me to

leave nothing unattempted on my part to force my way to France, and lay our situation before the Government there.

I set off from Dublin for Belfast on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister and three children. My whole property consisted in our clothes, my books, about £700 in money, and bills on Philadelphia. We kept our spirits admirably. The great attention manifested to us supported us under what was certainly a trial of the severest kind. But if our friends in Dublin were kind and affectionate, those in Belfast, if possible, were still more so. During near a month that we remained there we were every day engaged by one or another, parties and excursions were planned for our amusement, and certainly the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who was driven into exile to avoid a more disgraceful fate. I remember particularly two days that we spent on the Cave Hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms, McCracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of McArt's fort, took a solemn obligation—which, I think, I may say on my part, I have endeavoured to fulfil—never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted our independence.

At length the hour of our departure arrived. On

the 13th June we embarked on board the "Cinnatus" of Wilmington (Captain James Robinson).

Before my departure I explained to Simms, Neilson and C. G. Teeling, my intentions with regard to my conduct in America, and I had the satisfaction to find it met, in all respects, their perfect approbation, and I now looked on myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters and for the Defenders of Ireland.

Immediately on my arrival at Philadelphia, which was about the 7th or 8th August, I found my old friend and brother exile, Dr. Reynolds. From him I learned that Hamilton Rowan had arrived about six weeks before me from France, and that evening we all three met. Rowan offered to come with me and introduce me to the (French) Minister, Citizen Adet, and the next day I waited on the Minister, who received me very politely. He begged me to throw on paper, in the form of a memorial, all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did, in the course of two or three days, and brought it to Adet, and I offered him, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark for France, but the Minister, for some reason, seemed not much to desire this. He assured me, however, that I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French Government, and backed with his strongest recommendations.

I had now discharged my conscience as to my duty to my country, and it was with the sincerest and deepest contristation of mind that I saw this, my last effort, likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect that the French Government might take notice of my memorial, and if they did not, there was an end of all my hopes. In this frame of mind I continued for some time, when one day I was roused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from Keogh, Russell and the two Simmses, wherein they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind in Ireland was advancing to republicanism faster than even I could believe, and they pressed me in the strongest manner to fulfil the engagement I had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French Government in order to supplicate their assistance. My wife, whose courage and whose zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her or our children stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to our friends, and my duty to my country. I set off, accordingly, the next morning, and went to Adet to whom I showed the letters I had just received. I had the satisfaction, contrary to my expectations, to find Adet as willing to forward and assist my designs now as he seemed lukewarm when I

saw him before in August. He told me immediately that he would give me letters to the French Government, recommending me in the strongest manner, and also money to bear my expenses, if necessary. I thanked him most sincerely for the letters, but I declined accepting any pecuniary assistance. Having thus far surmounted my difficulties, I wrote for my brother Arthur, who was at Princeton, and having entrusted him with my determination to sail for France in the first vessel, I ordered him to communicate this in Ireland to Neilson, Simms and Russell, in Belfast, and to Keogh and McCormick only in Dublin, and on the 10th December, 1795, he sailed for Belfast, from Philadelphia. Having despatched him, I settled all my affairs as speedily as possible; I waited finally on Adet, who gave me a letter, in cypher, directed to the *Comité de Salut Public*—the only credential which I intended to bring with me to France. I spent one day in Philadelphia with Reynolds, Rowan and my old friend, James Napper Tandy, who, after long concealment and many adventures, was recently arrived. On the first of January, 1796, I sailed from Sandy Hook, bound for Havre de Grace. Our voyage lasted exactly one month, and at length, on the 1st February, we landed in safety, having met with not the smallest accident during our voyage. My adventures from this date are fully detailed in the Diary which I have kept regularly since my arrival in France.

EXTRACTS FROM TONE'S DIARIES.

(Tone, in his diaries, refers to his friends under assumed names. The key to these names is as follows :

Mr. Hutton, or John Hutton—Tone.

P.P., Clerk of the Parish—Russell.

Blefescu—The City of Belfast.

The Draper—William Sinclair, of Belfast.

The Jacobin—Samuel Neilson, of Belfast.

The Tanner—Robert Simms, of Belfast.

The Hypocrite—Dr. McDonnell, of Belfast.

The Irish Slave—Thomas McCabe, of Belfast.

The Keeper—Whitley Stokes, of Dublin.

The Tribune—J. Napper Tandy, of Dublin.

The Vintner—Edward Byrne, of Dublin.

Gog—John Keogh, of Dublin.

Magog—Richard McCormick, of Dublin.

The earlier diaries cover to some extent the same ground as the preceding narrative, but any repetition will be easily forgiven for the sake of their freshness and candour.)

1791.

July 14th. I sent down to Belfast resolutions suited to this day, and reduced to three heads: 1st, that English influence in Ireland was the great grievance of the country; 2nd, that the most effectual way to oppose it was by a reform in Parliament; 3rd, that no reform could be just or efficacious that did not include the Catholics.

October 11th. Arrived in Belfast late. Bonfires, illuminations, firing twenty-one guns, Volunteers.

October 12th. Introduced to McTier and Sinclair. A meeting between Russell, McTier, Macabe and me. Mode of doing business by a secret committee who are not known or suspected of co-operating, but who in fact direct the movements of Belfast. Very curious to see how the thermometer of Belfast has risen as to politics. Russell gave a mighty pretty history of the Roman Catholic Committee. Christened Russell "P.P." *Clerk of this Parish* Paine's book, *The Koran of Belfast*.

October 14th. Went to dinner to meet the Secret Committee, who consist of William Sinclair, McTier, Neilson, McLeary, Macabe, Simms (Robert), Simms (William), Haslett, Tennant, Campbell, McIlvaine, P.P. and myself. P.P. and I made our declarations of secrecy, and proceeded to business. (The formation

of the Society of United Irishmen.) Agreed to the resolutions unanimously. Resolved to transmit a copy to Tandy, and request his and his fellow-citizens' co-operation.

October 16th. Sunday. Church, a vile sermon from Bristowe (called Caiaphas) against smuggling, etc., and about loyalty, and all that. P.P. in great sorrow and distress of mind; resolved to leave off smuggling. Put the plump question to Digges relative to the possibility of Ireland's existence, independent of England. His opinion decidedly for independence. Nothing to be done until the religious sects here are united, and England engaged in a foreign war. If Ireland were free and well governed, she would, in arts, commerce, and manufactures spring up like an air balloon, and leave England behind her. One and all of us damn the Government.

October 18th. Went at eight to the United Irishmen; McTier in the chair, twenty-eight members present. The club consists of thirty-six original members. P.P. and I made several orations on the state of the Roman Catholics and the readiness of the citizens of Dublin to co-operate with the United Irishmen.

October 27th. At one o'clock leave Belfast. The poor ambassadors are reduced to the rank of private individuals. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

November 7th. Dinner at Doyle's, eighteen present—

Jones, Drennan, Pollock, McKenna, McNevin, McCormick, P.P. and Mr. Hutton, etc. Tandy says that Grattan is certainly with us ; also the Duke of Leinster, almost as certain.

1792.

Monday, July 9th. Set out posting with the Keeper of the College Lions (Whitely Stokes) for Belfast. Belfast not half so pleasant this time as last. Politics just as good, or better; everything else worse. Greivous want of P.P. ; the Keeper not equal to him.

July 14th. Era of the French Revolution. Knocked up early by Neilson ; get on my regimentals. Drums beating, colours flying, and all the honours of war. Brigade formed; march off by ten ; 700 men, and make a tolerable appearance. First and second Belfast companies far the best in all particulars. The review tolerably well. A council of war held adjacent to the review ground. Crawford and Tandy frightened out of their wits. We are undone, shall be defeated, all the country corps decidedly against us, better to adopt something moderate, danger of disunion, etc. Mr. Hutton at last breaks silence. In the Catholic question not to advance was to recede. Unanimity was a good thing in itself, if, however, the principle must be renounced to procure unanimity, it was not worth

buying at that price. March into town at three, meeting at the Linen Hall, astonishingly full. Question moved by the Draper. Before the debate goes on five minutes, satisfied that we have it hollow, carry the question with about five dissenting voices. Could have carried anything. Huzza. God bless everybody. Who would have thought it this morning? Broke my glass thumping the table. God bless everybody again, generally.

16th. Rise and go to breakfast with Will Simms at the Grove. Council of war in the garden, Gog, Robert Simms, and Mr. Hutton. Gog expounds the plan of organizing the Catholic body. Mr. Hutton takes the opportunity to press an idea started by P.P. several months back for organising in a similar manner the Dissenting interest. All agree that if that could be accomplished the business would be done. Query—How? Simms satisfied that we have already a great majority of the thinking men through the North with us. Dinner. The four flags—America, France, Poland, Ireland—*but no England*. Bravo!

17th. Waked by Neilson to see Gog and other Catholics before they set off; much conversation about the Peep of Day Boys and Defenders. Proposed by Neilson that the Catholics should go by Rathfriland where the disturbances are. He offers in that case to go himself, and all parties urge me to go, too. Hope

our journey may do some good, as the restoration of tranquility is to us of the last importance. Agreed on all hands that the Protestants were the aggressors. Several have been killed on both sides. Mr. Hutton proposes that the Catholics should refrain from parading in bodies and firing, and the Dissenters shall declare that they will maintain the peace of the district against all who shall transgress *without distinction of party or religion*. An amendment proposed by Neilson that this declaration should be made by the Volunteers. The idea unanimously approved, and three officers then present engage for their respective companies. All present highly satisfied except the magistrate, who looks glum. He was examined within these ten days at the Castle on the subject of the riots: suppose he lied like the Devil. Mr. Hutton sets off with the Catholics for Newry on his way to Dublin.

Dublin, July 21st. Rode out with Gog to Grattan. We arrive at Grattan's and tell him of the state of things in the North, and in the South, which he approves. Mr. Hutton asks for a committee to enquire next session into the state of the North, and the causes of the riots there. Grattan thinks the Committee being under the influence of the Castle, would misstate and garble facts. Mr. Hutton says that is very hard, which Grattan admits, but says the reason is *we have no Parliament in Ireland*. Depart, having first

promised to dine with him at Tinnehinch on Saturday next.

26th. Rode out to Grattan's with Gog and Hardy. Little new, but the old ground beaten over again.

August 13th. Belfast. Neilson brings us home to lodge.

14th. Walk out to see McCracken's new ship, the "Hibernia." Dine at Neilson's. The County Down getting better every day on the Catholic question. Two of the new companies applied to be admitted to the Union Regiment, and were refused on the ground of their holding Peep-of-Day-Boy principles. Bon. All stout; Gog valiant, also the Irish Slave, also the Tanner, also Mr. Hutton. The Catholics offer to find soldiers, if Belfast will provide officers. All fair. Something will come out of all this.

15th. More Volunteer companies springing up like mushrooms; nobody knows why. All the Antrim Corps well. Please God, we shall furnish them with something to think of.

Dublin, August 24th. Write a flourishing manifesto on behalf of the General Committee in reply to a set of resolutions from the County Limerick; certainly prepared by the Chancellor; the resolutions very pert and saucy, and the manifesto not much behind them.

27th. Sunday. Tinnehinch. Read the manifesto to Grattan. Grattan thinks it too controversial, and

recommends moderation in language and firmness in action. The manifesto taken to pieces, many passages supplied by Grattan himself, Mr. Hutton taking them down from his dictation ; no man bears criticism half so well as Mr. Hutton. Grattan takes Mr. Hutton aside and tells him that as the season for action is now approaching, it is the wish of himself and his friends that all communication between them and the Catholics should be through him, Mr. Hutton. Mr. Hutton greatly pleased at this. Break the matter gently to Gog ; Gog struck all of a heap—his vanity, of which he has plenty, has got a mortal blow. Poor Gog ! No party will bear a minute inspection. Mr. Hutton advises Gog to keep this arrangement a secret from the Catholics, merely to let him down easy. Mr. Hutton now established as the medium of communication between the Catholics and their friends in Parliament. How long will he remain so ? Proud ground.

1st September. Dress myself in Belfast uniform and go to dine at Dixon's. All the soldiers salute me as I pass, and the sentries carry their arms. Pleased as Punch at this, and a great fool for my pains.

16th. Ride out with Tom Warren ; broach a proposal to him of a general emigration to America, in case we fail in our present schemes. He approves of it highly, and thinks we should get Catholics enough

to join us, and a vast property. A choice plan. P.P. and his brother, Whitley Stokes, principal of a college to be founded, etc.

29th. Dublin. Gog returned. Go to Mt. Jerome (Keogh's residence) and breakfast. Gog's plan is that I should go to George Knox and suggest to him that if Lord Abercorn would take up the cause of the Catholics; that Lord Abercorn should turn out the Beresford party; that as to Lord Abercorn it would make him the most popular Lord Lieutenant that ever was in Ireland, and secure him the strongest Government; that the mode itself is an honourable one—being the granting, or rather restoring their just rights to three millions of people. What do I think of it? I confess I should be sorry to succeed. In the first place it is at once giving up the question of reform, or at least postponing it for an indefinite time, and is so far at once knocking up all that we have done for this last twelve months towards effecting a union between the Dissenters and the Catholics. Not that I think the former would have any right to complain, for they have not come forward in favour of Catholic emancipation, *save only in Belfast*, and the Catholics are not to renounce all separate measures for the sake of that one town. In the next place, it would strengthen the hands of the English Government in this country for a considerable time to come.

October 5th, Friday. Left Dublin at eight in the evening in a post chaise with Mr. Braughall. Loaded with good advice by Gog in the morning. An adventure: Stopped by three footpads near the Park Gate who threaten to exterminate the post-boy if he attempts to move. T. B. valiant, also Mr. Hutton. Mr. Hutton uses menacing language to the said footpads, and orders the post-boy in an imperious tone of voice to drive on. The *voleurs*, after about three minutes' consideration, give up the point, and the carriage proceeds. If they had persisted, we should have shot some of them, being well armed. The chaise breaks down at three in the morning, obliged to get out in the mud and hold up the chaise with my body, whilst the boy puts on the wheel. All grease and puddle; melancholy. "*'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*" That is the six-and-fiftieth time I have quoted that line, and it is quite fresh yet—wears like steel. Learned it from P.P. as well as sundry other good things.

6th. Arrive late in Ballinasloe; victuals bad, wine poisonous, bed execrable. Fall asleep in spite of ten thousand noises. Wish the gentleman over my head would leave off the bag-pipes. Sad, sad.

8th. Go at three to meet the gentlemen of Galway and Mayo.

14th. Dublin. Dine with Magog—a good fellow.

Propose to revive volunteers in this city. Magog thinks we may have 1,000 Catholics by the 17th March next. Agreed that he shall begin to canvass for recruits immediately. If he succeeds, he will resign his office of Secretary to the Catholic Committee, and commence a mere Volunteer. Bravo! Satisfied that volunteering will be once more the salvation of Dublin. A good thing to have 1,500 men in Dublin.

15th. A letter from P.P. He is envious of the laurels of Dumourier, and determined to go to France and outdo that illustrious democrat. P.P. a gallant fellow, and quite right. If Mr. Hutton were a single man he would go and supersede Kellerman.

Sub-Committee. Emmet introduced to the Sub-Committee. He richly deserves their admiration. Emmet the best of all the friends to Catholic Emancipation.

24th. Breakfast with George Knox: very long conversation on the subject of our proposals for a new ministry (*vide* this Journal of September 27th). Knox a good deal struck with the proposition. Mr. Hutton is decidedly of opinion that the Government of Ireland must either alter their whole system or be subverted by force, of which God knows the event. Knox and he agree that there is forming a gradual mass of discontent which will, at no short day, break out, and that this discontent is inflamed by the gross petulance and indiscretion of Government here.

28th. The town has been filled these three or four days with reports of some seditious paper said to be circulated among the soldiers of the garrison.

29th. Advertisements are this day handed about, ordering a general illumination on account of the expulsion of the German armies from France. The illumination is set on foot by J. Tandy and Oliver Bond. God send we may all be the better for it this day three months.

30th. The illumination has gone off quietly, notwithstanding the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation forbidding it, and threatening very hard, etc. Emmet and I read over the Catholic address, and make corrections. N.B.—The said Emmett henceforward to be called "The Pismire."

November 1st. Dinner at Warren's. A long set of the chief United Irishmen. Mr. Hutton endeavours to delude the gentlemen into forming a Volunteer company on good principles. A. H. Rowan rises thereat, also Magog. Mr. Hutton a little mad on the subject of Volunteering.

November 3rd. Dine with Gog, who fishes for compliments. Mr. Hutton rises and throws a bucketful of flattery in Gog's face, who receives it with great affability. Vain as the devil.

November 4th. Sunday. Dine at McDonnell's with United Irishmen. Tandy tells me the Volunteers

refused to parade round King William's statue ; they have also abolished Orange cockades. Huzza ! Union and the people for ever !

16th. Hear that the Castle men say that our address to the King, if we persist in that idea, will embarrass His Majesty. The devil it will ! Better that his sacred majesty should be embarrassed than a nation kept in slavery.

17th. Attended a meeting for the purpose of raising a Volunteer Corps. Present—Rowan, Chairman, Tandy, James Tandy, Dowling, Bacon, Bond, Warren, Magog and Mr. Hutton, Secretary. Vote 1,000 men in ten companies ; cheap uniform of coarse blue cloth, ticken trousers and felt hats. If this takes it will vex the Castle.

1796.

February 2nd, 1796. I landed at Havre de Grace yesterday, after a rough winter passage from New York, of thirty-one days.

February 12th. Paris. Stop at the *Hotel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne*—a magnificent house, but I foresee as dear as the devil ; I must get into private lodgings.

February 15th. Went to Monroe's, the (American) Ambassador, and delivered my passport and letters.

Received very politely by Monroe. Went at three o'clock to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rue du Bacq, 471. Delivered my passport. After a few minutes I was introduced to the Minister Charles de la Croix, and delivered my letter. I am perfectly pleased with my reception at Monroe's, and at the Minister's.

February 17th. Went at one o'clock to the Minister's bureau for my passport. The Minister told me that he had had the letter I brought deciphered and laid instantly before the Directoire Executif, who considered the contents as of the greatest importance; that their intentions were I should go immediately to a gentleman whose name was Madgett (an Irishman in the French Foreign Office), that I might communicate with Madgett without the least reserve. Set off for Madgett's and delivered my letter. Madgett tells me he has the greatest expectation our business will be taken up in the most serious manner; that the attention of the French Government is now turned to Ireland; that he had written to Hamilton Rowan about a month since to request that I might come over instantly in order to confer with the French Government, and determine on the necessary arrangements, and that he had done this by order of the French Executive. Madgett said the French Executive was already fully apprised who I was. He then added

that we should have ten sail of the line, any quantity of arms that were wanted, and such money as was indispensable. I then gave him a very short sketch of what I considered the state of Ireland, laying it down as a *positum* that nothing effectual could be done there unless by a landing; that a French army was indispensably necessary as a *point de ralliement*, and I explained to him the grounds of my opinion, and so we parted.

N.B.—I shall in all my negotiations here press upon them the necessity of a landing being effectuated. If it is not the people will never move, but to the destruction of a few wretches, and we have already had but too much of that in Ireland. A French army with a general of established reputation at their head is a *sine qua non*; Pichegru, to choose, but if not Jourdan. Their names are known in Ireland, and that is of great consequence.

February 18th. Breakfast at Madgett's. Madgett assures me that the Government have their attention turned most seriously to Irish affairs; that they feel that unless they can separate Ireland from England, the latter is invulnerable, that they are willing to conclude a treaty, offensive and defensive with Ireland, and a treaty of commerce on a footing of reciprocal advantage; that they will supply ten sail of the line, arms, and money, as he told me yesterday; and that

they were already making arrangements in Spain and Holland for that purpose. He asked me did I think anything would be done in Ireland by her spontaneous efforts. I told him most certainly not; that if a landing were once effected everything would follow instantly, but that that was indispensable, and I begged him to state this as my opinion to such persons in power whom he might communicate with; that if 20,000 French were in Ireland, we should in a month have an army of 100,000, 200,000, or, if necessary, 300,000 men, but that the *point d'appui* was indispensable. I then mentioned the necessity of having a man of reputation at the head of the French forces, and mentioned Pichegru, or Jourdan. He then desired me to prepare a memorial in form for the French Executive, as soon as possible, which he would translate and have delivered in without delay.

February 18th, 19th, 20th. At work in the morning at my memorial. Call with Madgett once a day to confer with him.

February 22nd. Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett, for the Minister of Foreign Relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me that he has had a discourse yesterday with the Minister, that the Marine of France is in such a state that the Government will not hazard a large fleet, that they will give 2,000 of their best troops, and arms

for 20,000 that they cannot spare Pichegru or Jourdan. To all this I answered that as to 2,000 men, they might as well send 20.

February 23rd. Called on Madgett in order to explain to him that all I had said relative to the support to be expected from the people in Ireland, and the conduct of the Army was on the supposition of a considerable force being landed in the first instance. My theory in three words is this: With 20,000 men there would be no possibility of resistance, and we should begin by the Capital; with 5,000 I would have no doubt of success, but then we would expect some fighting, and we should begin near Belfast; with 2,000 I think the business utterly desperate, and they would be utterly defeated before anyone could join them, or, in fact, before the bulk of the people could know that they were come. This would operate but as a snare for the lives of my brave, but unfortunate, countrymen.

Quit Madgett. Go to Monroe (American Ambassador). I opened myself to him without the least reserve; I also informed him of what I had done so far. He then addressed me, in substance, thus: You must change your plan. I have no doubt whatever of the integrity and sincerity of the Minister De la Croix, nor even of Madgett, but it is a subaltern way of doing business. Go at once to the Directoire Executif and demand an audience; explain yourself to them as to me,

and you may go so far as to refer to me for the authenticity of what you may advance. I mentioned Carnot. He said—Nobody fitter. He then examined me pretty closely on the state of Ireland, and we concluded by agreeing that to-morrow I should go boldly to the Luxembourg and demand an audience of Carnot or La Reveilliere Lepaux.

February 24th. Went at twelve o'clock in a fright to the Luxembourg. Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion. Demanded at once to see Carnot. This happened to be his day for giving audience. I presented myself after the rest were dismissed. I told him I was an Irishman, that I had been Secretary and agent to the Catholics of that country, and that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. I proceeded to state that the sentiments of all these people were unanimous in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then what they wanted. I said: An armed force for a *point d'appui*, until they could organise themselves, and undoubtedly a supply of arms, and some money. I added that I had already submitted a memorial on the subject to the Minister of Foreign Relations, and was preparing another. He then said: We shall see those memorials. I told him

I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me to present myself again to him. He answered : By all means, and so I took my leave of him. I think I came off very clear.

February 29th. Finished my second memorial, and delivered it to Madgett for translation. Madgett has the slowness of age. Judge, ye gods, how that suits with my impatience !

March 8th. Went to Madgett in consequence of a report I saw in the papers relative to a general peace. He assures me there is nothing in it—a peace would ruin all.

March 11th. Went to the Minister De la Croix. He began by saying that he had read my two memorials and that I seemed to insist on a considerable force as necessary to the success of the measure ; that as to that there were considerable difficulties to be encountered, arising from the superiority of the English fleet. That, as to 20,000 men, they could not possibly be transported unless the French were masters of the Channel ; as to 5,000 there would be great difficulties, —they would require, for example, 20 ships to convey them ; it would not be easy to equip 20 sail in a French port, without the English having some notice, and, in that case, they would instantly block up the port. On the whole, I do not much glory in this day's conversation. If the French Government have the

power effectively to assist us, and do not, they are miserable politicians. It is now one hundred and three years since Louis XIV. neglected a similar opportunity of separating Ireland from England, and France has had reason to lament it ever since. He, too, went upon the short-sighted policy of merely embarrassing England, and leaving Ireland to shift as she might.

March 15th. Went to breakfast with Madgett. Madgett tells me everything is going on as well as possible ; that our affair is before the Directory ; that it is determined to give us 50,000 stand of arms, artillery for an army of that force, 672 cannoniers, and a demi-brigade, which he tells me is from 3,000 to 4,000 men ; that the Minister desires my opinion in writing as to the place of landing. All this is very good. I told him that with that force we must land near Belfast, and push on immediately to get possession of the Fews mountains which cover the province of Ulster, until we could raise and arm our forces. If the Dutch ports were too strongly watched, we might go from any of the French harbours on the ocean, and coast round by the West of Ireland into the Loch of Belfast. Madgett is much more sanguine than I am. I have resolved never to believe that the expedition will be undertaken until I see the troops on board, nor that it will succeed until I have slept one night under canvas in Ireland. Then I shall have hopes.

April 11th. Sullivan* called on me this morning, for it is he that brings my secondary intelligence, to tell me that D'Albarade, the late Minister of the Marine, is to command in the naval department of our expedition, and that a confidential person told him yesterday that he might look for good news soon for his country, for that there was something at that moment doing for her in Holland, by which I presume that it is there their preparations are making.

April 20th. This being the first Floréal, I left the Hôtel des Etrangers, where I have been fleeced like ten thousand devils, and removed to the house where Aherne† lodges, where I hope I shall live cheaper and more comfortable. Went with Aherne, at one o'clock, to the Minister's, in order to see after his instructions. At last there is a prospect of something like business. The Minister read the draft of the instructions, in which there is a great deal of trash mixed with some good sense. Only think of one of the articles, wherein they say that if Ireland continues devoted to the House of Stuart, one of that family can be found who will be agreeable to all parties! Who the devil is this Pretender *in petto*? It is all one to us, however, for we will have nothing to do with him. There is one

*Sullivan was a nephew of Madgetts.

†Aherne—An Irishman resident in France, whom the French Government proposed sending to Ireland to warn the United Irishmen of the impending invasion.

thing, however, which reconciles me to all this absurdity, which is, that the French Government promise us 10,000 men and 20,000 stand of arms; with that force I have not the shadow of doubt of our success. It is to be escorted by nine sail of the line (Dutch, I believe), and three frigates, and will be ready about the middle or towards the end of May, which is not more than six weeks off. If this be so—but let me not be sanguine.

April 25th. Went with Aherne to the Minister's. He tells me Aherne will be despatched in a few days, and that he has every reason to think the expedition will be ready by the latter end of May. I begin to speak French like a nabob. I astonished the Minister to-day with the volubility of my diction. On leaving De la Croix, who, by the by, has had a narrow chance of being turned out, but is now, I fancy, pretty safe, I met Sullivan, who gave me an English paper, with the quarters of the army in Ireland for this year; I was very glad to get it. I see but nine regiments of dragoons, and two of troops of the line, the rest all fencibles or militia; there is to be a camp of about 2,500 men in the north, and 2,000 near Dublin, which with the garrison will make about 6,500 men. The whole force is about 30,000 men, as I guessed, but I am sure not above 20,000 effective. I have not the least doubt of success if we can land with 10000 French.

May 2nd. Went to Luxembourg; wrote a note desiring to see Carnot, and was admitted; he recollected me perfectly. I began by saying, fluently enough, that, in pursuance of his orders, I had been several times with General Clarke, and had given him all the information I was possessed of. He said he knew I had. I then observed that when I learned directly from the Minister, and indirectly from many other quarters, that preparations were in a considerable degree of forwardness for the expedition, I hoped, when he considered the efforts I had made, the risks I had run, the dangers I had escaped in endeavouring to lay the state of Ireland before the French Government, as well as the situation I had once the honour to fill in my own country, that he would not consider me as unreasonably importunate in requesting him to give me such information as he might deem proper, as to the state of the expedition, supposing it were to take place. He replied, my request was not at all unreasonable, but that, before measures were finally determined upon, it would be necessary that the French Government should be satisfied as to the actual state of things in Ireland; and for that purpose a person should be sent to observe everything, and make his report accordingly; for, if the people there were amicable to the French Republic, the attempt might be made, but if not, it would require a considerable

force to conquer the country. This was a staggering blow to me, to find myself no farther advanced at the end of three months than I was at my first audience. I begged leave to observe that there were few individuals more competent from their situation to give them that information than myself, much more so than any stranger they might send, who would just slide into the country for a moment, and return, if he were lucky enough to escape ; that, as to all I had advanced, I hoped he would find my assertions confirmed by the English Gazettes ; and I took that opportunity to mention that, if the expedition were undertaken, I hoped to be permitted to bear a part in its execution. He replied, that the French Government would in that case certainly avail themselves of my courage and talents (*profiter de votre courage et de vos talents*). But still he did not say whether the expedition would take place or not, though this was the second push I made at him on that head. When I saw he would not give me any definite information, I observed that there was a subject on which I had received such positive instructions on leaving Ireland, that I considered myself bound to mention it to him ; and that was relative to the General who might be appointed to the command ; that it was our wish, if possible, that it should be Pichegru, supposing as before that the expedition was to take

place. Carnot replied that undoubtedly Pichegru was an officer of consummate talents, but, at the same time, there were many generals not inferior to him in abilities (*aussi forts que lui*). I replied I was satisfied the Republic abounded with excellent officers, but that, in my country, the prejudice as to Pichegru's character was so strong, that I rated him equal to an army of 20,000 men, as to the effect his appointment would have on both parties in Ireland. I then observed that as to Pichegru himself, I thought the appointment would add a new lustre to his former glory; that, if he desired fame, the assisting in creating a free Republic of 4,500,000 people was an object of no ordinary magnitude. I am utterly ignorant whether there is any design to attempt the expedition or not; I put it twice to Carnot, and could extract no answer. My belief is, that as yet there is not one step taken in the business, and that, in fact, the expedition will not be undertaken. What signifies what the Minister says! I am pretty sure Carnot has never read one line of my memorials, but has taken them on the report of Clarke, and God only knows what that report may have been. I cannot get it out of my head that that fellow is betraying the cause, or at least doing everything in his power to thwart and oppose it; and what can I possibly do to prevent him? Absolutely nothing! That is hard; I fear all my exertions and sacrifices

and hopes will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it, but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the backwoods of America.

June 1st, 2nd, 3rd. A faint ray of hope has broke to-day across the impenetrable gloom which has, for some time back, enveloped my prospects. I called on Clarke, *pro forma*, not expecting to find him, in which I was not disappointed. I found, however, a note, informing me that he had read my proclamation and liked it very well; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it somewhat, and that he desired to see me for that purpose any time after this day and to-morrow. It is the first time he has desired to see me. Well, that is something. If the expedition takes place, it will be something to boast of to have written the proclamation. But let me not be "*running before my horse to market.*" I have kept my hopes under a strict regimen all along, and latterly, God knows, on a very low diet. I will not let this little breeze tempt me to spread a deal of canvas, merely to have it to furl again. Things are, however, better to-day than they were yesterday.

June 6th. Called this morning by appointment upon General Clarke. Found him more cordial in his manner than ordinary. He told me he had read my

proclamation, and found it extremely well done ; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it considerably, for the first point in these compositions is to ensure their being read, and, for that, it is necessary they should be short ; that there would be a longer one prepared for those who studied politics, but that mine was destined for the people and soldiery. I thought there was good sense in all this, and I can safely say that, in all the public papers I have ever written, I am above the personal vanity of an author, as I believe Gog can witness. I, therefore, told him I would mince it *sans remords*. He then told me I might rely on it, they had not lost sight either of the business itself or of my share in it.

June 23rd. Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humour. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. I fancy it will be in the cavalry, "*for a captain of horse never takes off his hat.*" He then told me that he was at liberty to acquaint me so far as that the business, and even the time, were determined on by the Directory, and the manner only remained under discussion. There is good news at last. I observed to him, after expressing the satisfaction I sincerely felt at this information, that I wished to remind him of the great advantages to be derived from the landing

being effectuated in the North, particularly from the circumstance of framing our first army *of the different religious persuasions*, which I pressed upon him, I believe, with success. I then asked him, had he many Irish prisoners remaining, as I thought they might be usefully employed in case of the landing being effected. He laughed at this, and said, "I see you want to form your regiment." I said I should like very well to command two or three hundred of them, who might be formed into a corps of Hussars, to serve in the advanced guard of the army, not only as soldiers, which I knew they would, and with sufficient courage, but as *éclairceurs* to incense the country people.

June 24th. "I've now not fifty ducats in the world," but, hang it, that does not signify; am I not going to be an officer in the French service?

June 28th. Called on Clarke by appointment. He gave me to understand that he had a communication open with Ireland, and showed me a paper, asking me did I know the handwriting. I did not. He then read a good deal. It stated very briefly that fourteen of the counties, including the entire North, were completely organised for the purpose of throwing off the English yoke and establishing our independence; that in the remaining eighteen the organisation was advancing rapidly, and that it was so arranged that the inferiors obeyed their leaders without examining

their orders, or even knowing who they were, as every one knew only the person immediately above him. That the militia were about 20,000 men, 17,000 of whom might be relied on; that there were about 12,000 regular troops, wretched bad ones, who would soon be settled in case the business were attempted. I am delighted beyond measure with the progress which has been made in Ireland since my banishment. I see they are advancing rapidly and safely, and, personally, nothing can be more agreeable to me than this coincidence between what I have said and written, and the accounts which I see they receive here. The paper also stated, as I had done, that we wanted arms, ammunition, and artillery; in short, it was as exact in all particulars as if the same person had written all. This ascertains my credit in France beyond a doubt. Clarke then said, as to my business he was only waiting for letters from General Hoche, in order to settle it finally; that I should have a regiment of cavalry, and it was probable it might be fixed that day; that the arrangement of the forces intended for the expedition was entrusted to Hoche, by which I see we shall go from Brittany instead of Holland. All's one for that, provided we go at all. I took this opportunity to mention to Clarke, that, on my departure, I should have a request to make to the Directory viz, that if they were satisfied with my

conduct here, they would be pleased to signify it by a letter addressed to me from the President, or a resolution, or such means as they might think proper, in order that I might have on my return a testimonial to show my countrymen that I had, to the best of my power, executed their instructions. Clarke said he was sure the Directory would readily accede to my request, which was but reasonable, and in fact I think so myself. If ever I come to be a great man, let me never forget two things—the honour of my masters of the General Committee, who refused to sacrifice me to the requisition of Mr. Grattan, and the friendship, I may say, of the whole town of Belfast in the moment of my departure into exile. These are two instances of steadiness and spirit, under circumstances peculiarly trying, which do honour to them, to me, and to our common nature. *I never will forget them.* The Milanese have three commissioners now in Paris to negotiate the establishment of a Republic and the subversion of the Austrian tyranny. Well, poor Ireland has a sort of a commissioner, too, at Paris, on pretty much a like business. Oh! if the British were once chased from Ireland, as the Austrians from Milan! Well, who knows? But their damned fleet torments me. And it is we ourselves, miserable rascals that we are, that are fighting the battles of the enemy, and rivetting on our own fetters with our own hands. It is terrible!

July 6th. Saw Clarke this morning ; he is almost recovered, and tells me my business is delayed solely by the absence of General Hoche, who is coming up with all privacy to Paris to confer with the Directory ; that on his arrival everything will be settled ; that I must be introduced to him, and communicate with him, and most probably return with him to the army where my presence would be necessary. All this is very good. I shall be glad to be introduced to Hoche ; it looks like serious business. Clarke also told me he wanted to have my commission expedited instantly by the Minister of War, but that Carnot had decided to wait for Hoche. I told him it was the same to me, and also begged to know when he expected Hoche. He replied, "Every day." I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me could I carry on the war some little time longer ? I answered, I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris but the Government. He seemed a little taken back at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Damn it for me ! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French Government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original. "*Crescit amor nummi,*

quantum ipsa pecunia crescit." That is not true as to me, for my passion increases as my funds diminish. I reckon I am the poorest Ambassador to-day in Paris, but that gives me no great concern. Huzza! Vive la République! "When Christmas comes about again, oh, then I shall have money." To be sure I am writing most egregious nonsense, *mais c'est égal*. Well, Lazarus Hoche, I wish you were come with all my soul. Here I am "in perplexity and doubtful dilemma," waiting your arrival. Sad! sad! I am gnawing my very soul with anxiety and expectation. And then I have a vision of poverty in the background which is truly alarming. "*O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum.*" I think I will stop, for the present, with this pathetic appeal to the citizen Directors.

July 12th. *Battle of Aughrim.* As I was sitting in my cabinet studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened and a very handsome, well-made young fellow in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "*Vous etes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a *chef de bureau*, and replied, "*Oui,*

citoyen, je m'appelle Smith." He said, "*Vous vous appelez, aussi, je crois Wolfe Tone?*" I replied, "*Oui citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le Général Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company. "*Into his arms I soon did fly, and there embraced him tenderly.*" He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. "Well," said he, "there are one or two points I want to consult you on." He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effectuated, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the Government, but if that were once accomplished there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country, and I assured him that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic Com-

mittee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the Defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act, but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that early in the business the Minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number could effect nothing. "No," replied he, "they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them." I replied I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the Minister, and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly

diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the Defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this at some length to him, and concluded by saying, that in prudence we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily, and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that in the contrary event I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organised they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse*; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it become necessary, it was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery, and, for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him

speak thus ; it sets my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was what form of government we would adopt in the event of our success ? I was going to answer him with great earnestness when General Clarke entered to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the President, where we found Carnot, and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated this question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly, a Republic." He asked again, "Was I sure ?" I said as sure as I could be of anything ; that I knew nobody in Ireland who thought of any other system, nor did I believe there was anybody who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me was there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king ? I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche ; it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with pocket map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, everyone else having left the room. I said scarcely anything, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the

substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that at present it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer, but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a *suite* of former conversations at which I had not assisted, and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings, one from Holland, near Belfast, and the other from Brittany, in Connaught; that there will be, I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand men; twelve thousand was also mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified. Carnot said, "It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation." And well may he say so if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuée, and Clarke retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs which lasted from six to nine o'clock. In the meantime I walked with Lagaide in the gardens of the Luxembourg. At nine

the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke ; he said everything was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring everything to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy, most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve, we parted. This was a grand day ; I dined with the President of the Executive Directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and I have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

July 13th. I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas, when he was Secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot, and to-day I should be puzzled to raise a guinea. I am almost on my last louis, and my commission is not yet made out, though Clarke tells me it is done ; but I will never believe him till I have it in my hand.

I forgot to mention in its place that Hoche has a famous cut of a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and luckily it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two-and-thirty, Jourdan five-and-thirty, Buonaparte twenty-nine, Moreau about thirty, and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six-and-thirty. The French have no old generals in

service ; it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has shown they are right.

July 18th. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the Minister at War. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor (June 19th). Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer ; so did Fleury, and my heart was so full, I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast ? Huzza ! Huzza ! Let me have done with my nonsense and huzzaing, and mind my business. Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our Government ? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the Stadtholder. I answered that undoubtedly the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our Government, in case we succeeded, but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference ; adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be to appear not to desire it. I added that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department, would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend

on his address. Clarke replied, "*We intend to send nobody but you.*" That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French Republic in Ireland instead of representing the Irish Republic in France? "*I am puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.*" I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion that we would establish a Republic. He objected that we might establish an aristocratic Republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a King; that there was no security against that but information, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a King? He said, "Maybe, the Duke of York?" I assured him that he, or his aide-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better chance than his Royal Highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our King, supposing, what was not the

case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable Government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism ; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy ? I replied “ Not one.” He asked, “ Would the Duke of Leinster, for example ? ” I replied, “ No : that everybody loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland, but that he by no means possessed that kind of character or talents which might elevate him to that station.” He then asked me again, “ Could I think of nobody ? ” I replied, “ I could not ; that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France ; and, after him, there was nobody ; ” and that, as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment

of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence ; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to spill the blood, even of the guilty ; at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people. The conversation ended here. Clarke gave me Hoche's address, and desired me to call on Fleury to-morrow, at nine, and that he would introduce me at the War Office, where I must pass review. From Clarke I went to the Luxembourg, where I had an audience of Carnot. I told him I was come, in the first place, to return him my acknowledgments for the high honour conferred on me by the Directory, in giving me the rank of *Chef de Brigade* in the armies of the Republic. I then took my leave. Carnot's manner was very friendly.

July 23rd. Called on Hoche, at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two generals, whom I did not know. After they were gone, Hoche asked me, " When I would be ready to leave town ? " I answered I was at his orders, but wished, if possible, to have four or five days to make some little arrangements. He said, by all means ; that he proposed leaving town in seven days himself, and that, if he could, he would give me a seat in his carriage, but if not, he would settle

that I should travel with General Chérin, his most particular friend, who was to have a command in the business, but to whom, as yet, he had not opened himself on the subject. I made my acknowledgments, and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at headquarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner? He replied, he would settle me in a village near Rennes, his headquarters, where I should be *incognito*, and, at the same time, within his reach. I asked him, then, was he apprised of the Directory having honoured me with the rank of Chef de Brigade? He replied he was, and made me his compliment. I then observed to him, I presumed I should be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood, and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of Adjutant-General for you; that will place you at once in the Etat-Major, and besides, you must be in a situation where you may have a command, if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for

a revolution in Ireland ? ” I replied, “ Most certainly not,” and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him ; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, “ Did I know Arthur O’Connor ? ” I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, “ Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament ? ” I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House. “ Well,” said he, “ will he join us ? ” I answered, I hoped as he was “ *joncirement Irlandais*,” that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O’Connor’s speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, “ There is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do what stuff our Irish peers are made of), he is son to a duke ; is he not a patriot ? ” I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the

business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He then asked me, "What quantity of arms would be necessary?" I replied the more the better, as we would find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me he had demanded 80,000, but was sure of 50,000. That is a piece of good news. I answered, with 50,000 stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands, adding, that I had the strongest hopes that the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. "Oh," said he, "*pour l'opposition, je m'en f—*;" which the reader will not expect me to translate literally; but it was as much as to say that he disregarded it. He then asked me very seriously, did I apprehend any royalism or aristocracism in Ireland? I assured him I did not; that in case of a change we should most undoubtedly establish a Republic; and I mentioned my reasons, which seemed to satisfy him. He observed, however, as Clarke had done before, that even if Monarchy in Ireland were to be the result, it would not alter the system on which France was proceeding, as the main object was to

establish the independence of Ireland, under any form of Government, though undoubtedly she would prefer a Republic. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandisement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed, adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible ; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better, and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death ; in which I most sincerely agreed. Hoche mentioned also that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution by the quantity of blood spilled ; “ for,” added he, “ when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies for ever to the Government.” A sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane

temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall most sincerely exert my best endeavours to do. He then desired me to call on him every two or three days, at seven o'clock, at which time I might be sure to find him disengaged, adding that he did not wish to mix me with the crowd, and after several expressions of civility and attention on his part, all which I set down to the credit of my country, we parted. I like Hoche more and more. He is one of the finest fellows I ever conversed with, with a fine, manly mind, and a fine, manly figure. I should have mentioned that Hoche asked me whether the Defenders had ever sent any one to France to make representations. I answered, I could not positively say, but I believed not, they being, for the most part, the peasantry of Ireland, and of course not having the means nor proper persons to send.

July 25th. Running about all this morning on trade affairs. Damn it! Saw Clarke; he tells me I am to travel with Hoche, and that we set off the 30th, in five days. Huzza! To be sure I am not proud of that. Called at Monroe's; the Secretary tells me there is a person arrived this week, who has a letter for me. My heart is up in my mouth. Please God I will run off the minute I swallow my dinner. I am in a frenzy

till I get my letter. I have not had one line since I left New York, now six months. How is my dearest life and soul, and our darling little babies? The little things; my life lies in those children. Well, I hope I shall hear news of them to-night.

July 26th. Called at eleven on Colonel Fulton, and got my letter, which is from Hamilton Rowan; it is dated March 30th, nearly four months since, at which date all my family were well. He tells me also that my brother Matthew arrived in America in December last; that gives me most unspeakable satisfaction, as he will be a protection for my wife and family during my absence, or in case of the worst happening to me in this contest wherein I am about to embark. My mind is now as much at ease as I can rationally expect it to be for some time to come. There is another thing I wish to remark here. I owe unspeakable obligations, and such as I can never repay, to my masters of the General Committee; I have, in consequence, never lost sight of their honour or their interests here, as will appear from my memorials delivered to the Executive Directory, in which I have endeavoured to make them the basis of the National Legislature. If that succeeds, I shall have been instrumental in throwing a great game into their hands, and I hope and believe they will have talents and spirit to support it. At any rate, I have, I think, done my duty by them, and in part

at least acquitted the debt of gratitude I owed them. I will never forget their behaviour to me in the hour of my persecution, and their heroic refusal to sacrifice me at the requisition of Grattan and the Whigs. If I contribute to seat them in the places of the aforesaid Whigs, it will be a proof that with parties, I may say with nations, as well as with individuals, honour and honesty will ever be found to be ultimately the true policy. But let me not be preaching so much about myself. I want to be off!

August 1st. Called on Clarke from mere idleness, did not see him; but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Chérin, with whom I am to travel. On the way I told Hoche that I hope the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand of England for ever; and I mentioned the immense resources in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied that, as to that, I hoped there would be no difficulty; that it was Ireland which victualled the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England; and I reminded him of what I had before told him, that, in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country.

I might have added, but it did not occur to me, that we are now on the eve of harvest, so I am sure we will find abundance of everything. I went on to say that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm and said, "*Ne craignez rien, nous y irons ; vous pouvez y compter ; ne craignez rien.*" I answered, that being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, "Who were those Orange-boys?" I explained it to him, adding that, as to them, it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle in three days after our arrival. "Oh," said he, "*ce n'est rien.*" I then told him I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers and artillery, of which we were quite unprovided. "You may depend upon it," said he, "that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the *artillerie légère.*"

He then asked me had we many great plains in Ireland; I said not; that, in general, the face of the country was intersected with fences, and I described the nature of an Irish ditch and hedge to him. By this time we arrived at Chérin's, who was indisposed and in bed. I was introduced by Hoche, and I remember now he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation, in which it was fixed that we set off from the 7th to the 10th, I

took my leave, Hoche and Chérin desiring me to call on them in the meantime, without the ceremony of sending up my namè, which is civil of them. So now I have "*les petites entrées.*"

August 2nd, 3rd. Blank. My time drags just now most horribly.

August 5th. Dined with Madgett and three other Irishmen in the Champs Elysées. Stupid as a horse. Everybody is talking of our business. I hear of it from fifty different quarters. That is most terribly provoking.

September 2nd. Here I am yet. Well, it does not signify swearing, so "'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain." To divert the spleen which is devouring me, I have been, for some days past, throwing memorandums of my life and opinions on paper, from recollection. They are very ill done, and probably inaccurate in the dates, but they are better than nothing. I have already filled nearly two books as big as this. Saw Chérin to-day. He knows no more about our departure than I do, but he promised me faithfully to write a pressing letter to Hoche on the subject.

September, 6th, 7th, 8th. This evening received a note from Chérin, informing me that he had received a letter from General Hoche, and desiring to see me in the morning, so at last I hope we are about to move. I never suffered so much *ennui* in all my life as since

Hoche's departure, which is now almost a month. Scribbling now and again at my memoirs, which I have brought down to the beginning of 1792 ; stupid enough ; but when my mind is agitated, as it is at present, I can neither read, write, nor think. I hope in God I am at last going to act ; it is high time, but it is no fault of mine that I did not begin long since. Well, better late than never.

September 17th. Took leave of Madgett, Aherne, and Sullivan ; wrote two letters of acknowledgment to Carnot and De la Croix, thanking them for their kindness, etc. At three o'clock in the afternoon left Paris. It is now exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life ; whether it was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine ; but I can safely say I have acted, all through, to the very best of my conscience and judgment, and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect, on my arrival, to have succeeded as well as I have done ; and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. I have now done with Paris, at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it ; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need wish to recall, at least

with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had very little. I formed, and endeavoured to form, no connections. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner, and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well, if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I dare say Mr. Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough that, having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. *Allons!* I am now afloat again: let us see what will come of this voyage.

September 18th, 19th. On the road—no adventures. Passed the second day through the country of the Chouans; it is delicious; as well wooded as New Jersey, of which it often put me in mind.

September 20th. At three this morning arrived at Rennes, having passed three nights agreeably without sleep. Went to bed, and slept like a dragon till eleven. Rose and sent for my adjoint, Mac Sheehy, who has been here some days. He tells me all is going on, as he

believes, prosperously. General Hoche is gone out fishing, and does not return till night. I am glad Hoche is a fisherman, because I am one myself. Wrote a note to let him know I am arrived, and gave it to Mac Sheehy to deliver. Dined alone, deliciously, and drank a bottle of excellent claret, with divers patriotic and constitutional toasts. Thought of P. P. and my dearest love a thousand times. I am as pleased as Punch to find myself in quarters at last.

September 21st. Called on General Hoche, and sat with him for about a quarter of an hour ; very civil, but no news as yet. I am to be for some time Mr. Smith, an American. He asked me about Duckett, who is here, it seems. I said I neither knew nor intended to know him, and mentioned his prating at Paris to all his acquaintance about his influence with General Clarke, and with Hoche himself. So now, if Hoche puts any confidence in this fellow, at least, it is not my fault. Hoche spoke obscurely, as if there were somebody here who knew and wished to see me ; but I did not press him for an explanation, and he did not offer it. A few days may show more.

September 23rd. At work all the morning with Colonel Shee making an analysis of the distribution of the troops actually in Ireland. The General called in, and sat with us half an hour. Dined as usual with the *Etat-Major*. I am now, to all intents, one of the

family, and I like it of all things. (Sings) "*How merrily we live that soldiers be,*" etc. I have got rooms at headquarters, and moved my kit accordingly. We are all lodged in the palace of the *ci-devant* Bishop of Rennes, a superb mansion, but not much the better of the Revolution.

September 24th. Walked with Colonel Shee in the garden. He tells me that Hoche has selected the *élite* of the Army of the Ocean, which consisted of 117,000 men, for our expedition; that the arms and everything were ready, and that we are waiting only on the marine. He also spoke as if in a fortnight or more we might put ourselves in motion; but I did not press him for specific information. The season is slipping away fast through our fingers. However, I believe they are doing their best.

September 26th. The General set off this morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared. By Shee's discourse I fancy it is intended that we shall make a race for it. Happy-go-lucky in that case. I was in hopes the Spanish fleet would have joined us at Brest, but he tells me they are returned to Cadiz, after escorting Richery to some unknown latitude. Damn their foolish souls, they will be beaten, and the French also in detail; whereas, if they were instantly to join, their united fleets in the

Channel would be stronger than anything England could for some time oppose to them, and a week would be sufficient for our business. If they let this occasion escape them, as I fear they will, they need never expect to meet such another. I am in the horrors to-day. Well, let us see what Hoche's expedition will produce. He will be absent five or six days. Brest is 180 miles from this. Time, time ! At all events, for me the die is cast, and I am utterly desperate as to the event. Come what come may ; I have done, and am doing my duty ; and if I fall, I fall. I have not on that score the smallest burthen on my mind. A short time now must, I think, put me at least out of uncertainty ; and I am sure that the worst that can befall cannot be much more painful than the state of suspense and anxiety in which I have so long languished. Once again "*courage.*" Let us see what Hoche will say on his return.

October 3rd. The Directory seems fully bent on humbling the pride of England, and lay down as a principle that the peace to which they will consent must be one which will ravish from her her maritime preponderance, restore the liberty of the ocean, give a spring to the Spanish, Dutch, and French marine, and carry to the highest degree of prosperity the industry and commerce of these nations, whom England has regarded as rivals and enemies, when they

would no longer submit to be dupes. If the Directory act up with firmness to those principles, and if Spain be not utterly besotted, I think it impossible but England must be reduced within her proper and natural limits; the first step to which, be it ever kept in mind, is the independence of Ireland.

October 4th, 5th. Colonel Shee and I were employed yesterday in digesting and arranging different routes from the several harbours, where we might land, to Dublin. I find him very reasonable. We agreed that our first object was to get ashore anywhere, and of course the nearest port to Brest was the best, as we could make any shift when we were once landed, our army being composed of veterans, who have been in service in La Vendée for years, and steeled against every hardship, having been well used to dispense with clothes, shoes, or even bread at times. Supposing, however, we had a port to choose, we agreed it should be Belfast. or, at least, as near Belfast as possible; if not, Waterford, or that neighbourhood. The distance from Dublin is pretty nearly equal. We calculated, however, for, I believe, a dozen different landing places round the coast. He tells me Hoche has a great magazine of clothing, which he took from the British, at the time of his famous victory at Quiberon; that is literally "tant de pris sur l'ennemi."

October 9th to 12th. The General returned last night

at eight o'clock, having been absent since the 26th of last month; Colonel Shee saw him this morning for a quarter of an hour; he tells me Hoche is bent on going, *coute que coute*, and that everything is ready but seamen, whom he has given orders to press all along the coast, as far as Bordeaux. Oh! that we were aboard! I see an article in a French paper that thirty persons have been arrested in Dublin for high treason. Who can they be? Are any of my friends of the number? for there are no names mentioned. I hope in God we shall be in Ireland time enough to liberate them, be they who they may. I think General Hoche will be pretty security for their appearance, and I fancy that even my own bail would not in this case be refused.

October 20th. This day received my orders to set out for Brest the day after to-morrow, being the 1st Brumaire. Huzza! Huzza! I am to travel in General Debelle's carriage, with Hoche's cousin and Privat, his aide-de-camp. Settled all my affairs at Rennes instantly, and hove short. I am ready at a minute's warning. I have been hard at work to-day on my pamphlet, which is scurrilous enough. Colonel Shee translates it as I go on, for the inspection of the General, and I like it better in his French than in my own English. I think it will do tolerably well when it is finished.

October 21st. Last night I met the General in the Gallery alone. He immediately came up to me and asked me had I occasion for anything before my departure? I thanked him and replied I had not. He then continued, "Because if you have, I desire you will apply to me, as to your friend, without any reserve." I again thanked him, and said that if I was under any necessity I would avail myself of his permission, but that at present I was not. He then said, "I am not a man to make professions, but I beg you will, on all occasions, look upon me as your friend, and treat me accordingly." I thanked him for the third time, and so we shook hands and parted. It was very civil of him, and I desired Colonel Shee to let him know again how sensible I was of his kindness.

October 29th. This morning, before we set out, General Harty sent for me, and showed me an English paper that he had just borrowed—the *Morning Post*, of September 24th—in which was an article copied from the *Northern Star* of the 16th precedent. By this unfortunate article I see that what I have long expected with the greatest anxiety is come to pass. My dear friends, Russell and Sam Neilson, were arrested for high treason on that day, together with Rowley Osborne, Haslit, and a person, whom I do not know, of the name of Shanaghan. The persons who arrested them were the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl

of Westmeath, and Lord Londonderry, together with that most infamous of all scoundrels, John Pollock. It is impossible to conceive the effect this heavy misfortune has upon my mind. If we are not in Ireland time enough to extricate them, they are gone ; for the Government will move heaven, earth, and hell to ensure their condemnation. Good God ! If they fall, where shall I find two such men to replace them ? My poor friend Russell, with whom I have spent the happiest hours of my life, and whom I love with the affection of a brother, a man who would, I know, sacrifice his life for me or my family if it were necessary ; and Neilson, an honest, a brave, and worthy fellow, a good Irishman, a good Republican : both of them men who have rendered such essential service to their country. My heart smites me now for the levity with which I have spoken of my poor Russell in those memorandums under the name of P. P. Well, that levity exists no longer ; it is time now to think of other matters. I will not expend myself here in empty menaces, which as yet I have not the means to execute. God, I hope, has not so totally deserted me, but I may yet arrive in time to deliver my friends. If, to my unspeakable loss, I should arrive too late to rescue, at least, I shall be able to revenge them, and, in that case, " woe to their persecutors ! " I see that they have behaved in a manner worthy of themselves, and of the

cause to which I fear they will fall victims. Neilson and Russell surrendered themselves voluntarily. Wm. Sampson acted with the greatest spirit, and particularly insulted Lord Westmeath, that contemptible cuckold, two or three times in the grossest manner. This most unfortunate of all events brings to my mind the death of my poor friend, Sweetman, which I shall ever regret, and the arrestation of John Keogh. With regard to the latter, as I have seen the English papers pretty regularly ever since, and have found no further mention of that affair, I am in great hopes that he was immediately discharged, and that nothing disastrous ensued. If ever I return to Ireland, God only knows in what state I shall find the invaluable friends I left behind me, or how many of them may be in existence. I am in unspeakable distress at this moment, the more as I can do nothing for their relief. I will go to Hoche the moment I reach Brest, and acquaint him with this unfortunate event, but, as to him, that is unnecessary, for I am sure he is doing his very best to hurry things forward. Good God! If I am so unhappy as to arrive too late, what shall I do? I cannot bear to think of it. If they conduct themselves well, they may postpone their trial for a considerable time, and in that case we may yet save them. It is but forty-five days since they were arrested. But if, to my unspeakable misfortune, that should not

happen, my only consolation is the hope of revenge. Once again, I will not indulge in premature threatenings. If I arrive, and arrive too late, we shall see what is fit to be done.

October 30th. After halting last night at Landerneau, arrived this day at one o'clock at Brest, having been just ten days on the road. Ran immediately to find the General, but he was gone out. Called on Colonel Shee, and informed him of the situation of our friends. He tells me if they manage to delay a little, he is in hopes we may arrive time enough to deliver them. God Almighty send! He tells me a relation of his, a general officer in the service of the Republic, who was sent by the Executive Directory into Ireland about four months since, is just arrived, and will probably be in Brest in about five or six days. He will of course bring us authentic intelligence of the state of the country.

November 1st, 2nd. I have been hard at work ever since my arrival, on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing. I have hardly time to eat, but I do not work with pleasure from the reflection which recurs to me every instant, that the men whose approbation I could most covet, are, perhaps, at this moment on trial for their lives. Well, let me, if possible, not think of that longer. I have not yet seen the General.

November 4th. Dined at headquarters in state, with the Admirals and several Captains of the fleet, and the staff of the army—a grand affair. This dinner is to manifest to the public that there is a perfect harmony between the land and sea service, which I am very sorry to see is far from being the case. Sat late at dinner, and after dinner retired to Colonel Shee's room with the General, the Admiral, General Debelle, and Colonel Shee. I did not come in for some time after the others, and on my entry found Hoche pressing Joyeuse extremely to be ready for the expedition, and Joyeuse starting every possible difficulty, particularly on the score of the transports. Hoche then said he would go with the men-of-war only, crowding as many men aboard as they could carry. Joyeuse then came down to five sail of the line and five frigates, the best sailors, who might, by dint of seamanship and quick sailing, escape from the English, who were, he said, in waiting for them off Cape Clear, and who had also *éclairieurs* off Ushant, as every morning the report was that two large ships and three frigates were seen there. Colonel Shee asked him how many men for a short passage could he stow on the ships he mentioned; he said 600 on each of the line-of-battle ships, and 300 on each of the frigates. That makes in all but 4,500 men. The General then said that his word was pledged to the Government and to his friends in

Ireland ; that the time was even elapsed for which he had engaged himself, that he would go in a single frigate if the Admiral could give him no more, and he pressed him again and again in the strongest manner. Joyeuse still hung back, and I believe he was sorry, to judge by his manner, that he had spoken of even five ships of the line. At length he proposed, merely, as I think, to gain time, to send out a vessel to reconnoitre, and bring positive intelligence of the state of the country, and another to learn the actual position of the English fleet, and upon this proposal the meeting broke up. I augur the worst possible event from any business in which the marine of France is concerned. Joyeuse wants to prevent our expedition, in order to get out to India, where there is more money to be made, and, in consequence, is throwing every difficulty in our way. Attempts are even made to set the soldiers and seamen by the ears, but the General is determined to shoot the very first who fight upon the spot. There has been one duel already between Rapatelle, an officer of the *État-Major*, and a Lieutenant of the navy, in which the former was victorious, having wounded his adversary in two places. From all this I see, first, that if we arrive at all, which is at this moment very doubtful, we shall not arrive in force. No matter. With 5,000 men our *artillerie tégere*, and Hoche, I have no doubt of success. Would to Heaven we were,

even with that force, on the Cave Hill this fine morning ; I would soon have my dear and unfortunate friends out of jeopardy.

November 6th. Chatting with Colonel Shee. I am in great hopes from something he said, that we shall turn out Villaret Joyeuse and get an admiral of our own choosing ; perhaps, in that case, we may get out. I asked him whether, when the General said that his word was pledged to his friends in Ireland, he spoke really the fact, or said it merely to spur on the Admiral. Mr. Shee assured me that Hoche had both seen and spoken with some of the leaders in Ireland. So here are two plots running on at one and the same time, mine and theirs, whoever they are ; no matter for that. I am not afraid of our interfering, for our object is, I see, precisely the same, and I am even better pleased to have those invisible co-operators, as it divides the responsibility, and does not leave anything resting on my single assertion. I asked Colonel Shee, supposing we gave up the transports, how many men could we carry in the men-of-war ? He said in twelve sail of the line we could carry 6,000, and in ten frigates we might have 2,500 ; so I see our armament is to be of that force. He added, however, that we must not give up the transports, as with them we could land with 20,000, which would settle the business without bloodshed. I answered that if it were possible,

it would undoubtedly be best, and referred him to my memorials for proof; that it was my own opinion, nevertheless, if the bringing transports would endanger the success of the entire business, I thought it best to secure the men-of-war, supposing they could carry but 5,000 men, instead of 8,500, which he had calculated, as with that force we should be able to fight it out. He replied he hoped we would have the transports also, and so it rested. For my part, under present circumstances, I would prefer the men-of-war with 6,000 or 7,000 men, and with that force to begin with I should have no doubt of success; however, the business is in better hands.

November 19th to 22nd. I have been hard at work these three or four days, recruiting and writing. I have picked up about twenty very stout hands, which makes eighty in all, and cost me five louis, which the Republic owes me. I have finished my address to the Irish people, one to the militia, and one to the Irish seamen. They are all in the printer's hands, and, to speak honestly, not one of them is any great things. I think I have lost the little facility in writing that I once had. The fact is my mind is so anxious about our business that I cannot write. I do not sleep at nights. The General has been ill, with a severe pain in his bowels, these three days; we were afraid at first he was poisoned, but it proved to be a

false alarm ; he was at the Comédie last night.

November 23rd. I cannot imagine what deiavs us now, unless it be waiting for Richery, who is said to be coming up from Rochefort. Though I have the strongest apprehensions we shall be intercepted by the English, still I wish we were at sea. There is nothing so terrible to me as suspense ; and besides, the lives of my poor friends in Ireland are in extreme peril. God send we may be in time to save them, but I much fear it. Well, let me not think of that. If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops, and quarter-deck with musketry. It is our only chance, but against superior numbers that will not do. I was thinking last night of my poor little family till I was as melancholy as a cat. God knows whether we shall ever meet again. If I reach Ireland in safety, and anything befalls me after, I have not the least doubt but my country will take care of them, and my boys will find a father in every good Irishman ; but if I should happen to be killed at sea, and the expedition should not succeed, I dread to think on what may become of them. It is terrible ! I rely on the goodness of Providence, which has often interposed to save us, on the courage and prudence of my wife, and on the friendship of my brother to protect them.

November 30th. General Chérin, Chef de l'Etat-

Major, told me to-night that I shall embark the day after to-morrow. So I came upstairs, and packed up my trunk, and I am now at single anchor, and this business will, at last, be brought to a decision. I have been in France exactly ten months to-night. Well, it has not been time misspent. We will see now in a few days what will come of it. At all events, I have done my best.

December 1st, 2nd. Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed everything I thought necessary, and advised her, in case of anything happening me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina. I enclosed this under cover to Madgett, and, at two o'clock, arrived on board. We have a most magnificent vessel. To-day I command the troops, as the highest in rank, but to-morrow I shall be superseded, I expect, by the arrival of the whole *Etat-Major*. I hope in God we are about to set out at last. I see, by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, that the north of Ireland is in a flame; if we arrive safe, we shall not do much to extinguish it. Well, we shall see.

December 3rd, 4th. As it is now pretty certain that the English are in force off Ushant to the number of sixteen ships of the line and ten frigates, it seems

hardly possible that we can make our way to Ireland without falling in with them ; and, as even the most successful action must be attended with damages in our masts and rigging, so that, even if victorious, which I do not expect, we may yet be prevented from proceeding on the expedition, considering the stormy season of the year, I have been devising a scheme, which, I think, in the present state of things in Ireland, can hardly fail of success. It is this : that three, or at most four sail of the fastest-going ships should take advantage of the first favourable moment, as a dark night and a strong gale from the north-east, and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the *artillerie légère*, and steering such a course as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet ; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and land the men in the North, as near Belfast as possible. If we could land two thousand men in this manner, with as many stand of arms as we could carry beside, I have no doubt but in a week we would have possession of the entire North of Ireland and we could certainly maintain ourselves there for a considerable time, against all the force which could be sent against us, the consequence of which would be, first, that the whole South would be disfurnished of troops, which would, of course, be sent

against us ; and I also am almost certain that the British fleet would directly quit its station off Brest, where they have been now cruising ten weeks, according to our accounts, as thinking that the mischief was already done, and that they were watching the stable when the steed was stolen ; in which case the main embarkation might immediately set off, and landing in the South, put the enemy between two fires, and so settle the business almost without a blow. If this scheme be adopted, it is absolutely necessary that no mortal should hear of it but Morard de Galles, Hoche, and Colonel Shee. The reason of my wishing not to lose an instant, and likewise to make the attempt with two thousand men contrary to the opinion I have given elsewhere in these memorandums, is, that I have seen articles within these few days in the French papers, including, among others, a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, dated November 9th, by which I see that the insurrection is ready every instant to explode in the North, and that they have gone so far as to break open the magazine in Belfast, and take by force ten barrels of powder. I dread, in consequence, their committing themselves before they are properly supported. If we were there, with almost any number of troops, provided we had arms and artillery, I should have no doubt of success. After deliberating these two days which I have spent on board, and examining

my scheme in all possible lights, I went to-day at two o'clock on board the *Fraternité* to state it to Colonel Shee, who is confined to his hammock with the gout, as he expected. I explained it to him at length, and he seemed to relish it a good deal, and, as the General dines to-day on board with the Admiral, he promised he would mention it to him and have his opinion. I should have observed, that I begged, in case it was adopted, to be permitted to go with the first embarkation. We then fixed to meet to-morrow, when he will let me know the result, and so we parted. I must now wait till to-morrow, and I hope in God my scheme may be adopted, as I am sure it is our best course under the circumstances. I fear it, however, the more so, as, if it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lessen in some degree the *éclat* which would attend Hoche if he were the first to land, but I hope he is above such weakness as to sacrifice the success of the measure to his own reputation. We shall see. To-day the Admiral has given orders that after to-morrow no one will be allowed to go on shore, which is what the French call *lever la planche*. The General sleeps aboard that night, so everything now seems to "give dreadful note of preparation." I wish, however, my scheme may be adopted. I am exceedingly well off aboard, and Captain Bedout is remarkably civil and attentive; he is a Canadian and speaks very good English.

December 5th to 8th. The uniformity of my life, at anchor in the road of Brest, does not furnish much matter for observation. I saw M^r. Shee yesterday, who is still in bed with the gout. He tells me that he spoke of my plan to the General, who said at once it was impossible, and that he durst not take on himself the responsibility it would induce. His reasons are good, but I remain firmly of opinion that my scheme is, under all the circumstances, infinitely the best. If we were able to go in force, *à la bonne heure* ; but as we are not, and as I have no expectation but that we shall be well beaten, and the whole expedition miscarry, I look upon my proposal as the best means to save so much out of the fire, and perhaps, with the force I speak of, we might succeed, even though the main body might miscarry.

December 15th. At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing.

December 17th. Last night passed through the Raz, a most dangerous and difficult pass, wherein we were within an inch of running on a sunken rock, where we must, every soul, have inevitably perished. This morning, to my infinite mortification and anxiety, we are but eighteen sail in company instead of forty-three, which is our number. We conjecture, however, that

the remaining twenty-five have made their way through the Yroise, and that we shall see them tomorrow morning. Two of the admirals and the General are with the absent ; God send they may have escaped the Raz. Rear-Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, second in command, are with us. I believe there is a rendezvous fixed in case of separation, so tomorrow we shall see. We run on an average five or six knots an hour, course WNW.

December 18th. At nine this morning a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship's length before us. "*Hazy weather, Master Noah ;*" damn it ! we may be, for aught I know, within a quarter of a mile of our missing ships, without knowing it* ; it is true we may also, by the same means, miss the English, so it may be as well for good as evil, and I count firmly upon the fortune of the Republic. How, after all, if we were not to join our companions ? What will Grouchy and Bouvet determine ? We are enough to make the attempt, but we must then steer for the North of Ireland. If it rested with me, I would not hesitate a moment, and as it is I will certainly propose it, if I can find an opening.

This damned fog continues without interruption.

* This surmise of Tone's turned out to be actually true. Subsequent comparison of the ships' logs established the fact that had the fog lifted, Hoche was within sight of the other ships. On such an accident hung the fate of both Ireland and England.

(*At night.*) Foggy all day, and no appearance of our comrades. I asked General Chérin what we should do in case they did not rejoin us. He said that he supposed General Grouchy would take the command with the troops we had with us, which, on examination, we found to amount to about 6,500 men. I need not say that I supported this idea with all my might. The Captain has opened a packet containing instructions for his conduct in case of separation, which order him to cruise for five days off Mizen Head, and, at the end of that time, proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where he is to remain three more, at the end of which time, if he does not see the fleet, or receive further orders by a frigate, he is to make the best of his way back to Brest. But we must see in that case whether Bouvet and Grouchy may not take on themselves to land the troops.

December 21st. Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing ; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our comrades ; stark calm all the fore part of the night ; at length a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at daybreak, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues, so I have at all events once more seen my country ; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the General, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing.

At the moment I write this we are under easy sail within three leagues at most of the coast, so that I can discover here and there patches of snow on the mountains. What if the General should not join us? If Grouchy and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision they will land immediately and trust to their success for justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the General, I much fear the game is up. I am in indescribable anxiety.

We are now—nine o'clock—at the rendezvous appointed; stood in for the coast till twelve, when we were near enough to toss a biscuit ashore; at twelve tacked and stood out again, so now we have begun our cruise of five days in all its forms, and shall, in obedience to the letter of our instructions, ruin the expedition and destroy the remnant of the French Navy with a precision and punctuality which will be truly edifying. We opened Bantry Bay, and in all my life rage never entered so deeply into my heart as when we turned our backs on the coast.

December 22nd. This morning at eight we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the Fleet is terribly scattered. No news of the *Fraternité*. All rests now upon Grouchy; he has a glorious game in his hands if he has spirits and talents to play it.

We are gaining the Bay by slow degrees, with a head wind, at last, where it has hung these five weeks.

I have been looking over the schedule of our arms, artillery, and ammunition; we are well provided; we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, and nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers; 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 musket-cartridges, and 700,000 flints, besides an infinite variety of articles belonging to the train, but we have neither sabres nor pistols for the cavalry; however, we have nearly three regiments of hussars embarked, so that we can dispense with them.

December 24th. This morning the whole Etat-Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Chérin, Colonel Waudré, Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalité*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly we made a signal to speak with the Admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly; and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious

termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original.

December 25th. Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. The wind continues right ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing place. The same wind is exactly favourable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighbourhood. This day at twelve the wind blows a gale, still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible. I see nothing before me, unless a miracle be wrought in our favour, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction

December 26th. Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind still from the east, we were surprised by the Admiral's frigate running under our quarter, and hailing the *Indomptable* with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly ; the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief ; of four admirals not one remains ; we have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing ; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of

the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing ; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction ; and, to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit. I confess myself I now look on the expedition as impracticable. The enemy has had seven days to prepare for us, and three, or perhaps four, days more before we could arrive at Cork ; and we are now too much reduced, in all respects, to make the attempt with any prospect of success—so all is over ! It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back ; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and the easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously and without intermission since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather ; the elements fight against us, and courage is here of no avail. Well, let me think no more about it ; it is lost, and let it go ! If God Almighty

sends me my dearest love and darling babies in safety, I will buy or rent a little spot and have done with the world for ever. I shall neither be great, nor famous, nor powerful, but I may be happy.

December 29th. At four this morning the Commodore made the signal to steer for France ; so there is an end of our expedition for the present ; perhaps for ever. I spent all yesterday in my hammock, partly through sea-sickness, and much more through vexation.

January 1st to 31st. It is exactly one month to-day since I wrote a line by way of memorandum. It will be well supposed I had no great inclination, nor, in fact, have I had much to say. On our arrival at Brest, after a day or two, there was a little intrigue set on foot against General Grouchy, with a view to lessen the the merit of his services, in consequence of which he determined to send me to Paris with his despatches for the Directory and Minister of War. Grouchy desired me to state fairly what I thought of his conduct during our stay at Bantry Bay, to the Government ; and I was not a little pleased with this proof of his good opinion. We set off on the 5th of January, at night, and arrived without accident at Paris on the 12th. We went immediately to the Minister of War and delivered our letters ; we saw him but for an instant ; thence we went to the Directory, where we were introduced, and had an audience for above half-an-hour,

at which all the Directors assisted. From the Directory I went to Doulcet, a member of the *Conseil des 500*, brother-in-law to Grouchy, for whom, as well as for Madame Grouchy, I had letters from the General. The next day Doulcet introduced me to Lacuée, of the *Conseil des Anciens*, and the chosen friend of Carnot. At four I went to dinner with the Minister of War, and at eight, by appointment, to the Luxembourg, where I had an interview with Carnot and Lacuée, for about a quarter of a hour. Several days elapsed in this manner, waiting continually for news of the General, until at length, on the 15th, he arrived, with the *Révolution* 74, at La Rochelle ; so that put at once an end to my expectations of anything further being attempted, at least for the present. About the 21st the General arrived at Paris. The morning after his arrival I saw the General for five minutes. He received me very favourably. He asked me what I was doing in Paris. I told him I was sent by General Grouchy with his despatches, and that I was waiting further orders. Four or five days after the General was named to the command of the army of Sambre et Meuse, which was decisive with regard to our expedition. I began now to think of my own situation and of that of my family, of whom it is at length surely time to speak. On my arrival at Paris I found a letter from my wife at Madgett's, dated at Hamburg, and informing me of her

safe arrival there, about the 20th of December, with my sister and the children, my brother having decided to settle in America. The transports of joy I felt at the news of her arrival were most dreadfully corrected by the account she gave me of her health, which threw me into the most terrible alarms. I wrote to her instantly to remain at Hamburg until further orders, and by no means to think of exposing herself, in her present weak state, and our dear little babies to a journey from Hamburg in this dreadful season, a great part of the road being through a wild country where there is no better accommodation for travelling than open waggons.

February 19th to 22nd. There is now scarcely any one of my friends in Ireland but is in prison, and most of them in peril of their lives; for the system of terror is carried as far there as ever it was in France in the time of Robespierre. I think I will call on Carnot to-day, and propose to him to write to Dr. Reynolds to have some person on whom we can depend sent over from Ireland, in order to confer with the Government here. It may be easily done, and my letter will go in perfect safety by Monroe. *Allons!*

February 24th. This day I called on Monroe, and gave him a letter of eight pages for Dr. Reynolds, in which I gave a detailed account of our late expedition, and assured him of the determination of the French

Government to persevere in our business. Finally, I desire him, observing the most profound secrecy and rigid caution, to write to Ireland, to send a proper person to Hamburg addressed to the French Resident there, in order to come on to Paris and confer with the Directory. I calculate, if nothing extraordinary happens to delay him, that that person may be here by the middle of July next ; finally, I desire him to assure my friends that we have stronger hopes than ever of success, and to entreat them, in the meantime, to remain quiet, and not by a premature explosion give the English Government a pretext to let loose their dragoons upon them. Such is the substance of my letter, which I have every reason to hope will go safe.

THE LIFE OF WOLFE TONE, CONTINUED BY HIS SON.

IN order to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland it will be necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a revolution in that Island lost every chance of assistance from France. On the death of Hoche, the French Government recalled to succeed him the most illustrious of their warriors, who then, under the name of General Buonaparte, was already acknowledged the first commander of the age. To the enterprise against Ireland, the favourite object of Hoche, and to prosecute which he was ostensibly recalled, he felt a secret but strong repugnance.

The two most miserable and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland he might have crushed for ever the power of England, and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and finally fell under the efforts of Russia and England.

When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as Adjutant-General, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. The indignation of the unfortunate Irish was just and extreme against that French Government which had so repeatedly promised them aid, and now appeared to desert them in their utmost need.

The feelings of my father on the occasion may be more easily conceived than expressed. On the 20th of May, 1798, Buonaparte had embarked from Toulon. On the 23rd the insurrection broke out in Ireland. As the news of each arrest and of each action successively reached France, my father urged the generals and Government to assist the gallant and desperate struggle of his countrymen, and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favourable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. They began their preparations without delay; but money, arms, ammunition, and ships, all were wanting. By the close of June the insurrection was nearly crushed, and it was not till the beginning of July that my father was called up to Paris to consult with the Ministers of the War and Navy Departments on the organisation of a new expedition. At this period his journal closes, and the public papers, my mother's recollections, and a few private letters, are my sole documents for the remaining events.

The plan of the new expedition was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection, and distracting the attention of the enemy, until some favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert, with about 1,000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle, General Hardy, with 3,000, at Brest, and Kilmaine, with 9,000, remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But, long before the first of these expeditions was ready to sail, the insurrection was completely subdued in every quarter; the People were crushed, disarmed, disheartened, and disgusted with their allies, and the Irish Government had collected all its means, and was fully prepared for the encounter.

At length, about the 20th September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Bay of Camaret. It consisted of the *Hoche* (74), *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante*, frigates; and *Biche*, schooner, and *aviso*. To avoid the British fleets, Bompard, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was

scattered ; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled, and on the break of day next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razeed of sixty guns, and two frigates bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man-of-war. Bompert gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment a boat came from the *Biche*, for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed ; "we will be prisoners of war ; but what will become of you ?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country ?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape.

The British Admiral despatched two men-of-war, the razeed, and a frigate after the *Loire* and *Resolue*, and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate

and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock-pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismantled batteries to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck.

During the action my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction; nor was it till some days later that the *Hoche* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action; and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman well known in the County Derry as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been

his fellow-student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district. My father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and, stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you ; how are Lady Hill and your family ?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland to enter the French service he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Resuming his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."

From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin without delay. Contrary to usual custom, he was conveyed during the whole route, fettered and on horseback,

under an escort of dragoons. On his arrival he was immured in the Provost's prison, in the barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity, and cruelty will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed, under their patronage, a despotic authority within its precincts.

Though the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and Lord Cornwallis had restored some appearance of legal order and regular administration in the kingdom, a prisoner of such importance to the Irish Protestant ascendancy party, as the founder and leader of the United Irish Society, and the most formidable of their adversaries, was not to be trusted to the delays and common forms of law. Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a courtmartial.

The time of my father's trial was deferred a few days, by the officers appointed to sit on the court-martial receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, November 10, 1798, a new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of President, Colonels Vandeleur, Daly, and Wolfe, Major Armstrong, and a Captain Curran; Mr. Paterson performed the functions of Judge Advocate.

At an early hour the neighbourhood of the barracks was crowded with eager and anxious spectators. As soon as the doors were thrown open, they rushed in and filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade (Colonel). The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul. Nor could his bitterest enemies, whatever they deemed of his political principles, and of the necessity of striking a great example, deny him the praise of determination and magnanimity.

The members of the Court having taken the usual oath, the Judge Advocate proceeded to inform the prisoner that the court-martial before which he stood was appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom, to try whether he had or had not acted traitorously and hostilely against his Majesty, to whom, as a natural born subject, he owed all allegiance, from the very fact of his birth in that kingdom. And, according to the usual form, he called upon him to plead guilty or not guilty.

Tone. "I mean not to give the Court any useless trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read an address, which I have prepared for this occasion."

Col. Daly. "I must warn the prisoner, that, in acknowledging those *facts*, he admits to his prejudice that he has acted *traitorously* against his Majesty. Is such his intention?"

Tone. "Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word 'traitorously' that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the King, in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the Court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

The Court then observed that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose, and began in these words:—

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court-Martial,—I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In con-

sequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

“ That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honourable poverty I rejected offers, which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my country-men from”

The President here interrupted the prisoner, observing that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people (the United Irishmen), many of whom might probably be present, and that therefore the Court ought not to suffer it. The Judge Advocate said he thought that if Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before his Excellency, in way of *extenuation*, it must have a quite contrary effect if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

Tone. “ I shall urge this topic no further since it seems disagreeable to the Court, but shall proceed to read the few words which remain.”

Gen. Loftus. “ If the remainder of your address, Mr. Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate for a moment in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the Court ? ”

Tone. “ I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say which can give any offence. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body in whose cause I was engaged.”

Gen. Loftus. “ That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge the Court will hear you ; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject.”

Tone. “ I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my Generals, and I venture to add the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict, can ever deprive me

of or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers: for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, ‘the sacrifice of my life.’

“But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them; I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal

for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification.

“ In a cause like this, success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

“ After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others ; for me I am indifferent to it ; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

“ As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me—words, writings, and actions—I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this Court I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty ; I shall take care not to be wanting to mine.”

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the Court not excepted.

Tone's request to be given a soldier's death was refused, and he was sentenced to be hanged on the

12th November, 1798. He anticipated his execution by attempting to take his own life, and, as a result, lay badly wounded for eight days in the prison. He died on the 19th November. His body was given to his relatives, and was buried at Bodenstown, in Kildare.



EXTRACTS
FROM THE POLITICAL WORKS
OF WOLFE TONE.

AN ARGUMENT ON BEHALF OF
THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

(1791.)

THE present state of Ireland is such as is not to be paralleled in history or fable. Inferior to no country in Europe in the gifts of nature ; blest with a temperate sky and a fruitful soil ; intersected by many great rivers, indented round her whole coast by the noblest harbours ; abounding with all the necessary materials for unlimited commerce ; teeming with inexhaustible mines of the most useful metals, filled by 4,000,000 of an ingenious and gallant people, with bold hearts and ardent spirits ; posted right in the track between Europe and America, within 50 miles of England, and 300 of France ; yet, with all these great advantages, unheard of, unknown ; without ambassadors, army or navy, not of half the consequence in the empire of which she has the honour to make a part, with the single county of York, or the loyal and well-regulated town of Birmingham.

The proximate cause of our disgrace is our evil

Government ; the remote one is our own intestine division. It is necessary for the physician to know the disorder, and it is folly to conceal it from the patient himself.

The misfortune of Ireland is that we have no *National Government*, in which we differ from England and from all Europe. In England the king is resident, the Government is English, the people are very powerful, and whoever is or would be minister can secure or arrive at office only by studying and following their will.

But, is it so in Ireland ? What is our Government ? It is a phenomenon in politics ; it is a government derived from another country, whose interest, so far from being the same with that of the people, directly crosses it at right-angles ; does any man think that our rulers here recommend themselves to their creators in England by promoting the interest of Ireland, where it can in the most remote degree interfere with the commerce of Great Britain. The people are utterly disregarded and defied ; divided and distracted as they are, and distrustful of each other, they fall an easy prey to English Rulers or their Irish subalterns ; the fear of danger is removed from Administration by our internal weakness. We see all this at the very hour when everywhere but in Ireland reform is going forward and levelling ancient abuses in the dust. Why are

these things so? Because Ireland is struck with a political paralysis that has withered her strength and crushed her spirit. When the nation is thus circumstanced, it is not to be wondered at if even an Administration of boobies and blockheads presume to insult and pillage and condemn and defy her?

I have said that we have no National Government. Before the year 1782 it was not pretended that we had. I assert that the Revolution of 1782 was the most bungling, imperfect business that ever threw ridicule on a lofty epithet by assuming it unworthily; it is not pleasant to any Irishman to make such a confession, but it cannot be helped if truth will have it so; it is much better we should know and feel our real state than delude ourselves or be gulled by our enemies with praises which we do not deserve or imaginary blessings which we do not enjoy.

I leave to the admirers of that era to vent flowing declamations on its theoretical advantages, and its visionary glories; it is a fine subject, and peculiarly flattering to my countrymen. Be mine the unpleasing task to strip it of its plumage and its tinsel and shew the naked figure.

The Revolution of 1782 was a revolution which enabled Irishmen to sell, at a much higher price, their honour, their integrity, and the interests of their country; it was a Revolution which, while at one

stroke it doubled the value of every borough-monger in the Kingdom, left three-fourths of our countrymen slaves as it found them, and the Government of Ireland in the base and wicked and contemptible hands, who had spent their lives in degrading and plundering her. Who of the veteran enemies of the country lost his place or his pension? Who was called forth to station or office from the ranks of the opposition? Not one. The power remained in the hands of our enemies, again, to be exerted for our ruin, with this difference: that, formerly, we had our distresses, our injuries, and our insults *gratis*, at the hands of England; but now we pay very dearly to receive the same with aggravation through the hands of Irishmen, an administration consisting numerically of the individuals who had opposed the extension of your commerce in 1779, and the amelioration of your constitution in 1782. You find, or you are utterly senseless, that you have no weight whatsoever; that administration despise and laugh at you, and that while you remain in your present state of apathy and ignorance, they will continue to insult and to condemn you.

Why do I speak thus of your famous exertions of 1782? Not to depreciate them below their value, for I honour and I love the spirit that then animated you. I do believe that as much, or very nearly as much, as

could then be done, was done; and, though I regret, yet I do not accuse the caution that induced those that acted for you to stop short in their honourable career. The minds of men were not at that time, perhaps, ripe for exertions which a thousand circumstances that have since happened, cry aloud for. We are now, I hope, wiser, bolder, and more liberal.

I hope it appears from what I have said that the Revolution of 1782 is such as no Irishman of an independent spirit can acquiesce in *as final*. Much remains to be done:

My argument is simply this: That Ireland, as deriving her Government from another country, requires a strength in the people which may enable them, if necessary, to counteract the influence of that Government, should it ever be as it indisputably has been exerted to thwart her prosperity, that this strength may be most constitutionally acquired through the medium of a Parliamentary reform, and, finally, that no reform is honourable, practicable, efficacious, or just which does not include the extension of the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics.

When I talk of English influence being predominant in this country, I do not mean to derogate from the due exertion of His Majesty's prerogative; but the influence I mean is as between the Government and people of England and the Government and people

of Ireland. I trust in God, we owe the English nation no allegiance ; nor is it yet treason to assert, as I do, that she has acquired and maintains an unjustifiable and dangerous weight and influence over the Councils of Ireland, whose interest, wherever it clashes, or appears to clash with hers, must immediately give way. The Minister and the Government here hold their offices by a tenure very different from that of pursuing the public good. The people here are despised or defied ; their will does not weigh a feather in the balance, when English influence, or the interest of their rulers is thrown into the opposite scale. We are free in theory ; we are slaves in fact.

DECLARATION AND RESOLUTIONS OF
THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN
OF BELFAST, 1791.

IN the present great era of reform, we think it our duty, as Irishmen, to come forward and state what we feel to be our heavy grievance, and what we know to be its effectual remedy.

WE HAVE NO NATIONAL GOVERNMENT; we are ruled by Englishmen, and the servants of Englishmen, whose object is the interest of another country, whose instrument is corruption, and whose strength is the weakness of Ireland; and these men have the whole of the power and patronage of the country as means to seduce and subdue the honesty and the spirit of her representatives in the legislature. Such an extrinsic power, acting with uniform force in a direction too frequently opposite to the true line of our obvious interests, can be resisted with effect solely by *unanimity, decision, and spirit in the people*; qualities which may be exerted most legally, constitutionally and efficaciously by that great measure essential to the pros-

perity and freedom of Ireland—AN, EQUAL REPRESENTATION OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT.

We do not mention as grievances the rejection of a Place-Bill, of a Pension Bill, of a Responsibility Bill, the Sale of Peerages in one house, the corruption, publicly avowed, in the other; nor the notorious infamy of borough traffic between both; not that we are insensible of their enormity, but that we consider them as but symptoms of that mortal disease which corrodes the vitals of our Constitution and leaves to the people in their own Government but the shadow of a name.

Impressed with these sentiments, we have agreed to form an association to be called the SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN: And we do pledge ourselves to our country, and mutually, to each other, that we will steadily support and endeavour by all due means to carry into effect the following resolutions:—

First, resolved—That the weight of English influence in the Government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among ALL THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties, and the extension of our commerce.

Second—That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed is by a complete and

radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament.

Third—That no reform is practicable, efficacious, or just, which shall not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion.

Satisfied as we are that the intestine divisions among Irishmen have too often given encouragement and impunity to profligate, audacious, and corrupt Administrations, we submit our resolutions to the nation as the basis of our political faith.

We have gone to what we believe to be the root of the evil ; we have stated what we believe to be the remedy, and we do call on and most earnestly exhort our countrymen, in general, to follow our example, and to form similar societies in every quarter of the kingdom.

Signed, by order of the Society of United Irishmen of Belfast.

ROBERT SIMMS,

Secretary.

October, 1791.

REASONS WHY THE QUESTION OF
PARLIAMENTARY REFORM HAS
ALWAYS FAILED IN THE IRISH
PARLIAMENT.

(A Fragment, left unfinished, 1793.)

I PRESUME no man in Ireland, under the degree of a Commissioner of his Majesty's revenue, will deny that a reform in the representation of the people is necessary. The principle has been recognised by the House of Commons in the sessions of 1793, at a period of terror which superseded all dissimulation. The supineness of the nation relieved them from their panic, and they have dexterously evaded the measure by differing as to mode and degree. As the nation assembled in arms in 1783, to procure a similar measure, and failed, as they assembled again in civil congress in 1785, and failed, and finally, as opposition, without the nation, have now failed it may be worth while to examine the cause of these repeated failures.

The Volunteers of Ireland, in the year 1782, had emancipated their country from a foreign yoke and given to their Parliament the means of being independent. The people then could meet and discuss public affairs, and had arms in their hands to resist

all unconstitutional attacks on their liberties. Their voice, therefore, was attended to in this country, and in England, and the Revolution of 1782 was accomplished without bloodshed. They saw, however, instantaneously, the imperfection of their own measure, unless accompanied by a reform in Parliament. They could not always be in arms, and they had no hopes of operating, save by fear on a body, in whose election they had no voice. England had, it is true, been forced by their virtue and spirit, to renounce her usurped right of binding them by the act of her legislature; but she had an easier and more plausible method to effectuate her purpose. An English Secretary had the command of the Irish Treasury, to purchase Irish liberty and Irish commerce from an Irish Parliament. Ancient villanies were acted under new names. The mischief which had been done gratuitously, by England, was now perpetuated by venal majorities, paid with the money of Ireland. Ireland appeared to sell her commerce and constitution to England, and to pay herself for the sacrifice with her own money, and the trade of Parliament was that, of all others, which experienced the most immediate and rapid improvement from the Revolution of 1782. Borough stock rose like the South Sea. The Minister on his part, scorned to haggle, for he well knew that neither his country nor himself would ever be called on for a shilling.

ESSAYS OF THE POLITICAL CLUB
FORMED IN DUBLIN, 1790.

ON THE ENGLISH CONNECTION.

THE situation of England and Ireland, considered with regard to each other, has been, since the year 1782, a phenomenon defying all hypothesis and calculation: an empire, as it is called, of two parts, co-equal and co-ordinate, with such a confusion of attributes as nothing less than a revolution can separate and determine. Before I proceed to state my reasons for being so satisfied, it may be advisable to take a very short glance at the present state of this country, which appears to me such as in no age or history can be paralleled. A mighty kingdom, governed by two or three obscure individuals of another country on maxims, and with views totally foreign to her interest.

Antecedent to this date (1782) the power of Great Britain in Ireland was so well established by laws of her own enacting, fleets of her own building, armies of her own raising, that it was of very little moment

what were the opinions of Irishmen on any public question. Our woollen manufacture was demolished by a single vote of the English Commons, the appellate jurisdiction torn from us by a resolution of the English Lords, and, in a word, insult was heaped on injury and wrong for so long a series of years, that we were sunk to the subordination of an English County, without the profits of English commerce, or the protection of English liberty. We had ceased to remember that we were a nation, or that we had a name, till the genius of American liberty burst asunder a sleep that seemed the slumber of death; the nation started forth and shivered the manacles which British ambition had hoped were forged for eternity. Our constitution, our commerce were enlarged from a dreary captivity, and the name of Ireland became once more respected, her independence was admitted when it could not be withheld.

We were, before 1782, bound to support the wars of Great Britain, and we were also bound to submit to her capricious and interested misrule; we were bound by a legion of laws, not enacted by our own legislature, or shadow of legislature. The precedent of Ireland subjugated, with crippled force, and broken spirit, poor and divided, must not be held up as the rule of conduct to Ireland restored to her rights, glowing with the ardency of youth, and the vigour of renovated

constitution, and of infinitely greater extent and internal resources than Denmark or Sweden, or Portugal or Sardinia, or Naples—all sovereign states.

You all remember the day of your slavery and oppression and insignificance. Have you considered what you are now? Does your present situation ever occur, even to your dreams? An existing miracle which gives the lie to all political experience.

A rising and powerful kingdom, rich in all the gifts of nature; a soil fertile, a sky temperate, intersected by many great rivers, pregnant with mines of every useful metal and mineral; indented by the noblest harbours; inhabited by four millions of an ingenious, a bold and gallant people, yet unheard of and unknown in Europe, and by no means of such consequence as the single county of York in England.

If these things be so, does it ever occur to you what it is that degrades you, that keeps you without a court, without ambassadors, without a navy, without an army? If it has not, I will tell you, and I will show you wherein you differ from England. There the Monarchy resides: there, whatever party prevail, the administration is English, and their sole, or, at least, their principal view is the good of the nation, so that the interest of the Minister and the country are forwarded by the same means. With us it is not so. Our Government is formed of some insignificant English

nobleman, who presides ; some obsequious tool of the British Minister who proposes, and a rabble of the most profligate of our countrymen, who execute his mandates. The interest of the Government and of the nation drag different ways, and with the purse of the nation, and the patronage of the Crown appended to one scale, it is easy to foresee which will preponderate. Hence flow the various grievances of Ireland ; corruption in every form, wanton expense, unbounded speculation, sale of honours, judicial oppression, and last, though not least, the plunging of her into all the horrors of a war, in a quarrel where she is no more interested, in the eye of reason, than if the difference arose in the moon.

I believe in the history of man there is not to be found an instance, wherein of two nations, equal in all natural advantages, equal in intelligence, in spirit, in courage, one has yet been for centuries content to remain in a state of subordination, unknown and unregarded, drawing her Government, and the maxims of her Government from the other, though demonstratively injurious to her pride, her interest, her commerce, and her Constitution, and receiving no one advantage in return for such a complete surrender of her imperial and independent rights. When I consider the situation of Ireland at this day, I confess I am utterly at a loss to account for her submission to such

degrading inferiority. Old prejudices will do much, but can they do all this? Or has the wisdom of the Almighty framed some kingdoms as He has some animals, only for the convenience and service of others?

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